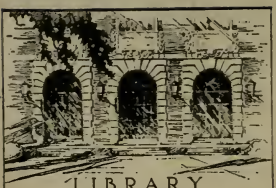

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1840
H I

EMBLEMS,

BY

FRA. QUARLES;

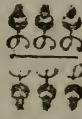
WITH THE

Hieroglyphicks:

ALL THE

CUTS

Being newly Illuſtrated.



LONDON,
Printed for *M. G.* and *W. F.* and to be ſold by *Roger Clavel* at the Peacock in *Fleetſtreet*, and *Andrew Bell* at the Croſs-Keys in the *Poultrey*. 1696.

UIUC

London Printed for M. Gilliflower at ye Spread Eagle in Westminster Hall and W. Freeman at the Bible over against the Middle Temple Gate in Fleetstreet. 1696

Crucifie: *Let* Dorrs *delight to immer'd themſelves in dung, whilſt* Eagles *ſcorn ſo poor a Game as Flies. Sir, you have Art and Candour; let the one judge, let the other excuſe,*

Your moſt affectionate

Friend,

FRA. QUARLES.

The Rare Book & Manuscript Library UIUC

TO THE

READER.

AN *Embleme* is but a ſilent Parable. Let not the tender eye check, to ſee the alluſion to our bleſſed Saviour figured in theſe Types. In Holy Scripture he is ſometimes called a Sower; ſometimes a Fiſher; ſometimes a Phyſician: And why not preſented ſo as well to the eye as to the ear? Before the knowledg of Letters God was known by *Hieroglyphicks*. And indeed what are the Heavens, the Earth, nay, every Creature, but *Hieroglyphicks* and *Emblemes* of his Glory? I have no more to ſay, I wiſh thee as much pleaſure in the Reading, as I had in writing. Farewel READER.

BY Fathers back'd, by Holy Writ led on,
Thou shew'st a way to Heav'n by Helicon:
The Muses Font is consecrate by Thee,
And Poesie, baptiz'd Divinity:
Blest Soul that here embark'st: Thou sail'st apace
'Tis hard to say, mov'd more by Wit or Grace,
Each Muse so plies her Oar: But O, the Sail
Is fill'd from Heaven with a Diviner Gale:
When Poets prove Divines, why should not I
Approve in Verse this divine Poetry?
Let this suffice to licence thee the Press:
I must no more; nor could the Truth say less.

Sic approbavit

RICH. LOVE

Procan. *Cantabrigiensis.*

Tot *Flores* QUARLES, quot *Paradisus* habet.
Lectori bene-*male*-volo.

Qui legit ex *Horto* hoc *Flores*, *Qui* carpit, *uterque*
Jure poteſt *Violas* dicere, jure *Roſas*,
Non è *Parnaſſo V I O L A M*, *Feſtive R O S E T O*
Carpit *Apollo*, magis quæ ſit amœna, *R O S A M*.
Quot *Verſus V I O L A S legis*; & *Quem verba* locutum
Credis, *verba* dedit: Nam dedit *ille R O S A S*.
Utque *Ego* non dicam hæc *V I O L A S* ſuaviſſima; *Tute*
Ipſe facis *V I O L A S*, *Livide* ſi *violas*.
Nam velut è *V I O L I S* ſibi ſugit *Aranea* virus:
Vertis at in ſuccos *Hasque R O S A Sque* tuos.
Quas *violas Muſas*, *V I O L A S* puto, quaſque recuſas
Dente tuo *roſas*, has, reor, eſſe *R O S A S*,
Sic *roſas*, facis eſſe *R O S A S*, dum, *Zoile*, rodis:
Sic facis has *V I O L A S*, *Livide*, dum *violas*.

Brent Hall, 1634.

EDW. BENLOWES.

Dum Celum aspecto Solem Ignibus.

THE FIRST BOOK.

The INVOCATION.

ROwze thee, my Soul; and drein thee from the dregs
Of vulgar thoughts: Scrue up the hightned pegs
Of thy sublime Theorboe four notes higher,
And higher yet, that so, the shril-mouth'd Quire
Of swift-wing'd Seraphims may come and joyn,
And make thy Consort more than half divine.
Invoke no Muse; Let Heav'n be thine *Apollo*;
And let his sacred Influences hallow
Thy high-bred strains: Let his full beams inspire
Thy ravish'd brains with more heroick fire:
Snatch thee a Quil from the spread Eagles wing,
And, like the morning Lark, mount up and sing:
Cast off these dangling plummets, that so clog
Thy lab'ring heart, which gropes in this dark fog
Of dungeon earth; let flesh and blood forbear
To stop thy flight, till this base world appear
A thin blew Landskip: Let thy pinions soar
So high a pitch, that men may seem no more
Than Pismires, crawling on this Mole-hill earth,
Thy ear untroubled with their Frantick mirth;
Let not the frailty of thy flesh disturb
Thy new-concluded peace; Let Reason curb
Thy hot mouth'd Passion; and let heav'ns fire season
The fresh conceits of thy corrected Reason.
Disdain to warm thee at lusts smoky fires,
Scorn, Scorn to feed on thy old bloat desires:
Come, come, my Soul, hoise up thy higher sails,
The wind blows fair; Shall we still creep like Snails,

That

That glide their ways with their own Native flimes;
No we muſt fly like Eagles, and our Rhimes
Muſt mount to Heav'n, and reach th' Olympick Ear;
Our Heav'n-blown fire muſt ſeek no other Sphear.
Thou great *Theanthropos*, that giv'ſt and ground'ſt
Thy gifts in duſt, and from our dunghil crown'ſt
Reflecting honour, taking by retail,
What thou haſt giv'n in groſs, from lapſed frail,
And ſinful man: That drink'ſt full draughts, wherein
Thy Childrens leprous fingers, ſcurf'd with ſin,
Have padled; Cleanſe, O cleanſe my crafty Soul
From ſecret crimes, and let my thoughts controul
My thoughts: O, teach me ſtoutly to deny
My ſelf, that I may be no longer I:
Enrich my Fancy, clarifie my thoughts,
Refine my droſs; O, wink at human faults;
And through the ſlender Conduct of my Quill
Convey thy Currant, whoſe clear ſtreams may fill
The hearts of men with love, their tongues with praiſe:
Crown me with Glory, take who liſt the Bayes,

I.

Totus mundus in maligno maligno positus est 4

I.

JAM. 1. 14.

Every man is tempted, when he is drawn away by his own luſt and enticed.

Serpent. *Eve.*

Serp. Not eat? Not taſte? Not touch? Not caſt an eye
Upon the fruit of this fair Tree? And why?
Why eat'ſt thou not what Heav'n ordain'd for food?
Or can'ſt thou think that bad which Heav'n call'd Good?
Why was it made if not to be enjoy'd?
Neglect of favours makes a favour void:
Bleſſings unus'd, pervert into a Waſt,
As well as Surfeits; Women, Do but taſt:
See how the laden boughs make ſilent ſuit
To be enjoy'd; Look how their bending fruit
Meet thee half-way: Obſerve but how they crouch
To kiſs thy hand; Coy woman, Do but touch:
Mark what a pure vermilion bluſh has dy'd
Their ſwelling cheeks, and how for ſhame they hide
Their palſie heads to ſee themſelves ſtand by
Neglected: Woman, Do but caſt an eye.
What bounteous Heav'n ordain'd for uſe, refuſe not,
Come, pull and eat: Y'abuſe the thing ye uſe not.

Eve. Wiſeſt of Beaſts, our great Creator did
Reſerve this Tree, and this alone forbid;
The reſt are freely ours, which doubtleſs are
As pleaſing to the taſt; to th' eye as fair:
But touching this his ſtrict commands are ſuch,
'Tis death to taſt, no leſs than death to touch.

Serp. Piſh; Death's a fable: Did not Heav'n inſpire
Your equal Elements with living Fire:

Blown

Blown from the ſpring of life? Is not that breath
Immortal? Come; ye are as free from death
As he that made ye. Can the flames expire
Which he has kindled? Can ye quench his fire?
Did not the great Creatours voice proclaim
What 'ere he made (from the blew ſpangled frame
To the poor leaf that trembles) very good?
Bleſt he not both the feeder and the Food?
Tell, tell me then, what danger can accrue
From ſuch bleſt Food, to ſuch half gods as you?
Curb needleſs fears, and let no fond conceit
Abuſe your freedom; Woman take and eat.

Eve. 'Tis true, we are immortal; death is yet
Unborn, and till Rebellion make it debt,
Undue; I know the fruit is good, until
Preſumptuous diſobedience make it ill.
The lips that open to this Fruit's a Portal
To let in death and make immortal mortal.

Serp. You cannot die; come woman, Taſte and fear not:

Eve. Shall *Eve* tranſgreſs? I dare not, O I dare not.

Serp. Afraid? Why draw'ſt thou back thy tim'rous arm?
Harm only falls on ſuch as fear a harm.
Heav'n knows and fears the virtue of this Tree:
'Twill make ye perfect Gods as well as He.
Stretch forth thy hand, and let thy fondneſs never
Fear death: Do, pull, and eat, and live for ever.

Eve. 'Tis but an Apple; and it is as good
To do, as to deſire. Fruit's made for food:
I'le pull, and taſte, and tempt my *Adam* too
To know the ſecrets of this Dainty. *Serp.* Do.

S. CHRYS.

S. CHRYS. sup. Matth.

He forced him not: He touched him not: Only said, Cast thy self down; *that we may know, that whosoever obeyeth the Devil casteth himself down: For the Devil may suggest, compel he cannot.*

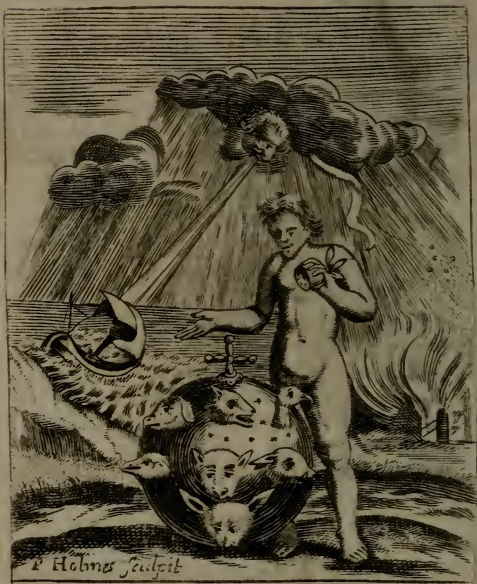
S. BERN. in Ser.

It is the Devils part to suggest: Ours, not to consent: As oft as we resist him, so often we overcome him: as often as we overcome him, so often we bring joy to the Angels, and glory to God, who proposeth us, that we may contend, and assisteth us, that we may conquer.

EPIG. 1.

Unluckly Parliament! Wherein at last,
Both Houses are agreed, and firmly past
An act of death confirm'd by higher Powers:
O had it had but such success as Ours!

II.



8

Sic malum cecidit Vnicum in omne malum

II.

JAMES 1. 15.

Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin when it is finished bringeth forth death.

1

LAment, lament; Look, look, what thou hast done?
Lament the world's, Lament thy own estate;
Look, look, by doing how thou art undone;
Lament thy fall, lament thy change of State:
Thy faith is broken, and thy freedom gone,
See, see too soon, what thou lament'st too late.
O thou that wert so many men, nay, all
Abridg'd in one, how has thy desp'rate fall
Destroy'd thy unborn seed, destroy'd thy self withal.

2

Uxorious *Adam*, whom thy Maker made
Equal to Angels that excel in pow'r,
What hast thou done? O why hast thou obey'd
Thy own destruction? Like a new-cropt flower
How does the glory of thy beauty fade!
How are thy fortunes blasted in an hour!
How art thou cow'd that hast the pow'r to quell
The spite of new fal'n Angels, baffle Hell,
And vie with those that stood, and vanquish those that fell.

3

See how the world (whose chast and pregnant womb
Of late conceiv'd, and brought forth nothing ill)

Is now degenerated, and become
A baſe Adultereſs, whoſe falſe births do fill
The earth with Monſters, Monſters that do rome
And rage about, and make a trade to kill:
Now Glutt'ny paunches; Luſt begins to ſpawn;
Wrath takes revenge; and Avarice a pawn,
Pale Envy pines, Pride ſwells, and Sloth begins to yawn.

4

The Air that wiſper'd, now begins to rore;
And bluſtring Boreas blows the boyling Tide;
The white mouth'd Water now uſurps the ſhore,
And ſcorns the pow'r of her tridental guide;
The fire now burns, that did but warm before,
And Rules her ruler with reſiſtleſs Pride:
Fire, Water, Earth, and Air, that firſt were made
To be ſubdu'd ſee how they now invade; (obey'd.
They rule whom once they ſerv'd, command where once

5

Behold; that nakedneſs, that late bewray'd
Thy glory, now's become thy ſhame, thy wonder;
Behold; thoſe trees whoſe various fruits were made
For food, now turn'd a ſhade to ſhrowd thee under,
Behold; that voice (which thou haſt diſobey'd)
That late was muſick, now affrights like thunder:
Poor man! Are not thy joynts grown ſore with ſha-
To view th'effect of thy bold undertaking, (king
That in one hour did'ſt marr what heav'n ſix days was
(making?

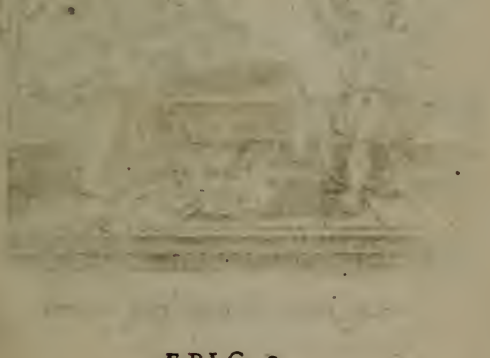
S. AUG.

S. AUGUST. lib. 1. de lib. arbit.

It is a most just punishment, that man should lose that freedom, which man could not use, yet had power to keep, if he would; and that he who had knowledge to do, what was right, and did not, should be deprived of the knowledge of what was right: & that he who would not do righteously when he had the power, should lose the power to do it, when he had the Will.

HUGO de anima.

They are justly punished that abuse lawful things, but they are most justly punished, that use unlawful things: Thus Lucifer fell from Heaven: Thus Adam lost his Paradise.



EPIG. 2.

See how these fruitful kernils, being cast
Upon the earth, how thick they spring! how fast!
A full ear'd crop and thriving, rank and proud;
Prepost'rous man first sow'd, and then he plough'd.

III.

Vt potiar, patior. Patieris, non potieris.

III.

PROV. 14. 13.

Even in laughter the heart is ſorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heavineſs.

1

ALas fond Child,
How are thy thoughts beguil'd
To hope for honey from a neſt of waſps?
Thou may'ſt as well
Go ſeek for eaſe in Hell,
Or ſprightly Nectar from the mouths of aſps.

2

The world's a hive,
From whence thou can'ſt derive
No good, but what thy ſouls vexation brings:
Put caſe thou meet
Some petti-petti ſweet,
Each drop is guarded with a thouſand ſtings.

3

Why doſt thou make
Theſe murm'ring troops forſake
The ſafe protection of their waxen homes?
Their hive contains
No ſweet that's worth thy pains;
There's nothing here, alas, but empty combes.

4

For traſh and toyes,
And grief ingen'dring joyes,

What torment seems too sharp for flesh and blood!
What bitter pills,
Compos'd of real Ills,
Men swallows down to purchase one false good!

5

The dainties here,
Are least what they appear;
Though sweet in hopes, yet in fruition sowre:
The fruit that's yellow,
Is found not always mellow;
The fairest Tulips not the sweetest flower.

6

Fond youth give ore,
And vex thy soul no more
In seeking what were better far unfound;
Alas! Thy gains
Are only present pains
To gather Scorpions for a future wound.

7

What's earth? Or in it,
That longer then a minute,
Can lend a free delight that can endure?
O who would droyl,
Or delve in such a soyl,
Where gain's uncertain and the pains is sure:

S. AUGUST.

Sweetneſs in temporal matters is deceitful: It is a labour and a perpetual fear; it is a dangerous pleaſure, whoſe beginning is without providence, and whoſe end is not without repentance.

HUGO.

Luxury is an enticing pleaſure, a baſtard mirth, which hath honey in her mouth, gall in her heart, and a ſting in her tail.

EPIG. 3.

What, *Cupid*, are thy ſhafts already made?
And ſeeking honey, to ſet up thy trade
True Embleme of thy ſweets! Thy Bees do bring
Honey in their mouths, but in their tails a ſting.

IV.

Quis levior? cui plus ponderi addit amor

16.

IV.

PSALM 62. 9.

To be laid in the ballance, it is altogether lighter than vanity.

1

Put in another weight: 'Tis yet too light:
And yet, Fond *Cupid*, put another in;
And yet another: Still there's under weight:
Put in another hundred: Put again;
Add world to world; then heap a thousand more
To that, then to renew thy wasted store,
Take up more worlds on truft, to draw thy ballance lower.

2

Put in the flesh with all her loads of pleasure;
Put in great *Mammon*'s endless inventory;
Put in the ponderous acts of Mighty *Cæsar*:
Put in the greater weight of *Swedens* glory;
Add *Scipio*'s gauntlet; put in *Plato*'s gown:
Put *Circes* charms, put in the triple crown.
Thy ballance will not draw; thy ballance will not down.

3

Lord what a world is this, which day and night,
Men seek with so much toil, with so much trouble?
Which weigh'd in equal scales is found so light,
So poorly overballanc'd with a bubble?
Good God! that frantick mortals should destroy
Their higher hopes, and place their idle joy
Upon such airy trash, upon so light a toy!

4

Thou holy Impostor, how hast thou besool'd
The tribe of Man with counterfeit desire!

How

How has the breath of thy falſe bellows cool'd
Heav'ns free born flames, and kindled baſtard fire!
How haſt thou vented droſs inſtead of meaſure,
And cheated men with thy falſe weights and meaſure,
Proclaiming bad for good; & gilding death with pleaſure!

5

The world's a crafty Strumpet moſt affecting,
And cloſely following thoſe that moſt reject her;
But ſeeming careleſs, nicely diſreſpecting
And coyly flying thoſe that moſt affect her:
If thou be free, ſhe's ſtrange, if ſtrange ſhe's free;
Flee, and ſhe follows; follow and ſhe'l flee:
Then ſhe ther's none more coy, ther's none more fond then (ſhe.

6

O what a Crocodilian world is this,
Compos'd of treacheries, and inſnaring wiles!
She cloathes deſtruction in a formal kiſs.
And lodges death in her deceitful ſmiles;
She hugs the ſoul ſhe hates; and there does prove
The veryeſt tyrant, where ſhe vows to love,
And is a Serpent moſt, when moſt ſhe ſeems a Dove.

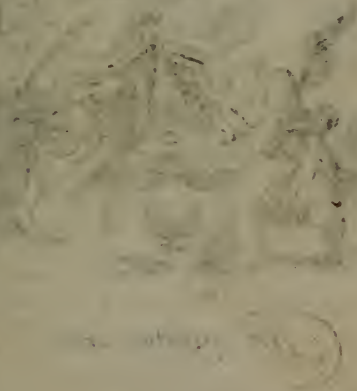
7

Thrice happy he, whoſe nobler thoughts deſpiſe
To make an object of ſo eaſie gains;
Thrice happy he who ſcorns ſo poor a price
Should be the crown of his heroick pains:
Thrice happy he, that ne're was born to try
Her frowns or ſmiles; or being born, did lie
In his ſad nurſes arms an hour, or two, and die.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. lib. Confeſſ.

O you that dote upon this world, for what victory do ye fight? Your hopes can be crowned with no greater reward, than the world can give; and what is the world but a brittle thing full of dangers, wherein we travel from leſſer to greater perils? O let all her vain light, momentary glory, periſh with her ſelf, and let us be converſant with more eternal things. Alas, this world is miſerable; life is ſhort, and death is ſure.



EPIG. 4.

My ſoul, what's lighter, than a feather?
Than wind? The fire. And what, than fire? The mind.
What's lighter, than the mind? A thought. Then thought?
This bubble world. What, than this bubble? Nought,

V.

His vertitur orbis.

V.

1 Cor. 7. 31.

The fashion of this World passeth away.

GOne are those golden days, wherein
Pale Conscience started not at ugly sin:
When good old *Saturn*'s peaceful Throne
Was unusurped by his beardless Son:
When jealous *Ops* ne'r fear'd th' abuse
Of her chaft bed, or breach of nuptial Truce:
When just *Astræa* pois'd her Scales
In mortal hearts, whose absence earth bewails:
When froth-born *Venus* and her brat,
With all that spurious brood Young *Jove* begat,
In horrid shapes were yet unknown;
Those Halcyon days, that golden age is gone.
There was no Client then to wait
The leisure of this long tayl'd Advocate;
The Talion Law was in requeft,
And Chanc'ry Courts were kept in ev'ry breft:
Abused Statutes had no Tenters,
And men could deal secure without indentures:
There was no peeping hole to clear
The wittals eye from his incarnate fear;
There were no luftful Cinders then
To broil the Carbonado'd hearts of men:
The rosie cheeks did then proclaim
A shame of Guilt, but not a guilt of shame:
There was no whining soul to start
At *Cupid*'s twang, or curse his flaming dart;
The Boy had then but callow wings,
And fell *Erynnis* Scorpions had no stings:

The

The better-acted world did move
Upon the fixed poles of Truth and Love.
Love essenc'd in the hearts of men!
Then Reason rul'd, there was no passion then;
Till Lust and rage began to enter,
Love the Circumference was, and Love the Center
Until the wanton days of *Jove*
The simple world was all compos'd of Love;
But *Jove* grew fleshly, false unjust;
Inferiour beauty fill'd his veins with lust:
And Cucquean *Juno*'s fury hurld
Fierce balls of rape into th'incestuous world:
Astræa fled, and love return'd
From earth, earth boyl'd with lust, with rage it burn'd:
And ever since the world hath been
Kept going with the scourge of Lust and Spleen.

S. AMBROS.

S. AMBROS.

Luſt is a ſharp ſpur to vice, which always putteth the affections into a falſe gallop.

HUGO.

Luſt is an immoderate wantonneſs of the fleſh, a ſweet poyſon, a cruel peſtilence; a pernitious poyſon, which weakneth the body of Man, and effeminateth the ſtrength of an heroick mind.

S. AUGUST.

Envy is the hatred of anothers felicity: in reſpect of Superiours, becauſe they are not equal to them; in reſpect of Inferiours, leſt he ſhould be equal to them; in reſpect of equals, becauſe they are equal to them: Through envy proceeded the fall of the world, and death of Chriſt.

EPIG. 5.

What, *Cupid*, muſt the world be laſh'd ſo ſoon?
But made at morning, and he whipt at noon?
'Tis like the wagg, that plays with *Venus* Doves,
The more 'tis laſh'd, the more perverſe it proves.

VI.

In cruce tuta quies

24

VI.

ECCLES. 2. 17.

All is vanity and vexation of Spirit.

1

How is the anxious soul of man befool'd
In his desire,
That thinks an Hectick feaver may be cool'd
In flames of fire,
Or hopes to rake full heaps of burnish'd gold
From nasty mire!
A whining Lover may as well requeſt
A scornful breast
To melt in gentle tears, as woo the world for rest.

2

Let wit, and all her studied plots effect
The best they can;
Let smiling Fortune prosper and perfect
What wit began,
Let earth advise with both, and so project
A happy man;
Let wit or fawning Fortune vie their best;
He may be blest
With all that earth can give; but earth can give no rest.

3

Whose gold is double with a careful hand,
His cares are double,

The Pleasure, Honour, Wealth of Sea and Land
Bring but a trouble;
The World it self, and all the Worlds command,
Is but a bubble.
The strong desires of mans insatiate breast
May stand possest
Of all that Earth can give; but Earth can give no rest.

4

The World's a seeming Par'dise, but her own
And man's tormentor;
Appearing fix'd, yet but a rolling stone
Without a tenter;
It is a vast Circumference, where none
Can find a Center.
Of more than Earth, can Earth make none possest;
And he that least
Regards this restless World, shall in this World find rest.

5

True rest consists not in the oft revying
Of worldly dross;
Earth's miry purchase is not worth the buying;
Her gain is loss;
Her rest but giddy toil, if not relying
Upon her cross.
How worldlings drovl for trouble! That fond breast
That is possess'd
Of Earth without a cross, has Earth without a rest.

CASS. in Pſ.

The Croſs is the invincible ſanctuary of the humble: The dejection of the proud, the victory of Chriſt, the deſtruction of the devil, the confirmation of the faithful, the death of the unbeliever, the life of the juſt.

DAMASCEN.

The Croſs of Chriſt is the key of Paradiſe; the weak mans ſtaff; the Converts convoy; the upright Mans perfection; the ſoul and bodies health; the prevention of all evil, and the procurer of all good.

EPIG. 6.

Worldlings, whoſe whimpering folly holds the loſſes
Of honour, pleaſure, health, and wealth ſuch croſſes,
Look here, and tell me, what your Arms engroſs?
When the beſt end of what ye hugg's a croſs.

VII.

Latet hostis, et otia ducis.

28

VII.

1 PET. 5 8.

Be sober, be vigilant, because your Adversary the Devil as a roaring Lion walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.

1

WHy doſt thou ſuffer luſtful ſloth to creep,
Dull Cyprian Lad into thy wanton brows?
Is this a time to pay thine idle Vows
At *Morpheus* ſhrine? Is this a time to ſteep
Thy brains in waſteful ſlumbers? up and rouze
Thy leaden ſpirit: Is this a time to ſleep?
Adjourn thy ſanguine dreams, awake, ariſe,
Call in thy thoughts; and let them all adviſe,
Had'ſt thou, as many heads, as thou haſt wounded eyes

2

Look, Look, what horrid furies do await
Thy flatt'ring ſlumbers! If thy drowzy head
But chance to nod, thou fall'ſt into a bed
Of ſulph'rous flames, whoſe torments want a date.
Fond boy, be wiſe, let not thy thoughts be fed
With Phrygian wiſdom; fools are wiſe too late:
Beware betimes, and let thy reaſon ſever
Thoſe gates which paſſion clos'd; wake now or never;
For if thou nod'ſt thou fall'ſt, and falling fall'ſt for ever.

3

Mark, how the ready hands of death prepare:
His bow is bent, and he hath notch'd his dart;
He aims, he levels at thy ſlumb'ring heart:

The wound is posting, O be wise, beware.
What? has the voice of danger lost the art
To raise the spirit of neglected care?
Well, sleep thy fill, and take thy soft reposes.
But know withal, sweet tasts have sower closes;
And he repents in thorns, that sleeps in beds of roses.

4

Yet sluggard, wake, and gull thy Soul no more
With Earth's false pleasure, and the worlds delight,
Whose fruit is fair, and pleasing to the sight,
But sower in taste, false as the putrid core:
Thy flaring glass is gems at her half light,
She makes thee seeming rich, but truly poor:
She boasts a kernel, and bestows a shell;
Performs an inch of her fair promis'd ell:
Her words protest a Heaven; her works produce an hell.

5

O thou the fountain of whose better part,
Is earth'd and gravell'd up with vain desire:
That daily wallow'st in the fleshly mire
And base pollution of a lustful heart,
That feel'st no passion, but in wanton fire,
And ownst no torment but in *Cupid*'s dart;
Behold thy type: Thou sitt'st upon this ball
Of earth, secure, while death that flings at all,
Stands arm'd to strike thee down, where flames attend thy (fall.

S. BERN.

S. BERN.

Security is no where; neither in Heaven, nor in Paradise, much less in the World: In Heaven the Angels fell from the Divine Presence; in Paradise, Adam *fell from his place of pleasure; in the World, Judas fell from the School of our Saviour.*

HUGO.

I eat secure, I drink secure, I sleep secure, even as though I had past the day of death, avoided the day of judgment, and escaped the torments of Hell-fire: I play and laugh, as though I were already triumphing in the Kingdom of Heaven.

EPIG. 7.

Get up, my soul; Redeem thy slavish eyes
From drowzy bondage: O beware; be wise:
Thy Foe's before thee; thou must fight or fly:
Life lies most open in a closed eye.

VIII.

Et risu nec[illegible]

VIII.

LUKE 6. 25.

Woe be to you that laugh now, for ye shall mourn and weep.

THe World's a popular disease, that reigns
Within the froward heart and frantick brains
Of poor distemper'd mortals, oft arising
From ill digestion, through th'unequal poising
Of ill-weigh'd Elements, whose light directs
Malignant humours to malign effects:
One raves and labours with a boyling liver;
Rends hair by handfuls, curling *Cupid*'s quiver:
Another with a bloody flux of oaths
Vows deep revenge: one dotes: the other loaths:
One frisks and sings, and vies a flagon more
To drench dry cares, and make the Welkin rore:
Another droops: the Sun-shine makes him sad;
Heav'n cannot please: One's mop'd; the t'other's mad:
One huggs his gold; another lets it fly:
He knowing not for whom; nor t'other why.
One spends his day in plots, his night in play;
Another sleeps and slugs both night and day:
One laughs at this thing; t'other cries for that:
But neither one nor t'other knows for what.
Wonder of wonders! What we ought t'evite
As our disease, we hug as our delight:
'Tis held a symptome of approaching danger,
When disacquainted Sense becomes a Stranger,
And takes no knowledge of an old disease;
But when a noisom grief begins to please

The

The unresisting sense, it is a fear
That death has parli'd, and compounded there:
As when the dreadful Thund'rers awful hand
Pours forth a Vial on th'infected land,
At first th'affrighted Mortals quake and fear;
And every noise is thought the Thunderer:
But when the frequent soul-departing Bell
Has pav'd their ears with her familiar knell,
It is reputed but a nine days wonder,
They neither fear the Thund'rer nor his Thunder.
So when the world (a worse disease) began
To smart for sin, poor new created Man
Could seek for shelter, and his gen'rous Son
Knew by his wages, what his hands had done:
But bold-fac'd Mortals in our blushless times
Can sing and smile, and make a sport of crimes,
Transgress of custom, and rebel in ease;
We false-joy'd fools can triumph in disease,
And (as the careless Pilgrim, being bit
By the Tarantula, begins a fit
Of life concluding laughter) waste our breath
In lavish pleasure, till we laugh to death.

HUGO de anima.

What profit is there in vain-glory, momentany mirth, the worlds power, the fleshes pleasure, full riches, noble descent, and great desires? Where is their laughter? where is their mirth! Where their insolence? their arrogance? From how much joy to how much sadness! After how much mirth, how much misery! From how great glory are they fallen, to how great torments! What hath fallen to them, may befal thee, because thou art a man: Thou art of earth; thou livest of earth; thou shalt return to earth. Death expecteth thee every where: Be wise therefore, and expect death every where.

EPIG. 8.

What ayls the fool to laugh? Does something please
His vain conceit? Or is't a meer disease?
Fool, giggle ou, and waste thy wanton breath;
Thy morning laughter breeds an ev'ning death.

IX.

Frustra quis stabilem figat in orbe gradum.

IX.

1 JOHN 2. 17.

The World passeth away, and all the Lusts thereof.

1

DRaw near, brave Sparks, whose Spirits scorn to light
Your hallow'd tapers, but at Honours flame;
You, whose heroic actions take delight
To varnish over a new-painted name;
Whose high-bred thoughts disdain to take their flight,
But on th' Icarian wings of babbling fame;
Behold how tott'ring are your high-built stories (ries,
Of earth, whereon you truft the ground-work of your glo-

2

And you more brain-sick Lovers, that can prise
A wanton smile before eternal Joys;
That know no heav'n, but in your Mistris eyes;
That feel no pleasure, but what sense enjoys:
That can like crown-distemper'd fools despise
True riches, and like babies whine for toyes:
Think ye the Pageants of your hopes are able
To stand secure on earth, when earth it self's unstable?

3

Come dunghill Worldlings, you that root like swine,
And cast up golden trenches, where ye come:
Whose only pleasure is to undermine,
And view the secrets of your mothers womb:
Come bring your Saint pouch'd in his Leather shrine,
And summon all your griping Angels home;
Behold your World, the bank of all your store
The World ye so admire, the World ye so adore.

4

A feeble world, whose hot-mouth'd pleasures tire
Before the race; before the start, retrait;
A faithless world, whose false delights expire
Before the term of half their promis'd date:
A fickle World, not worth the least desire,
Where ev'ry chance proclaims a change of State:
A feeble, faithless, fickle world, wherein
Each motion proves a vice; and ev'ry act a sin.

5

The beauty, that of late was in her flower,
Is now a ruin, not to raise a lust:
He that was lately drench'd in *Dandes* shower,
Is master now of neither good nor trust;
Whose honour late was mann'd with Princely power,
His glory now lies buried in the dust;
O who would trust this world, or prize what's in it,
That gives and takes, and chops and changes ev'ry minute!

6

Nor length of days, nor solid strength of brain,
Can find a place wherein to rest secure:
The World is various, and the Earth is vain
There's nothing certain here, there's nothing sure:
We trudge, we travel, but from pain to pain,
And what's our only grief's our only cure:
The world's a torment; he that would endeavour
To find the way to rest must seek the way to leave her.

S. GREG.

S. GREG. in ho.

Behold the world is withered in it self, yet flouriſheth in our hearts, every where death, every where grief, every where deſolation: On every ſide we are ſmitten; on every ſide filled with bitterneſs, and yet with the blind mind of carnal deſire, we love her bitterneſs: It flieth, and we follow it; it falleth, yet we ſtick to it: And becauſe we cannot enjoy it falling, we fall with it, and enjoy it fallen.

EPIG. 9.

If Fortune fail, or envious Time but ſpurn,
The world turns round, and with the world we turn:
When Fortune ſees, and *Lynx* ey'd Time is blind,
I'le truſt thy joyes, O world till then, the wind.

VI.

Utriusqꝫ crepundia Merces.

X.

JOHN 8. 44.

Ye are of your father the Devil, and the lusts of your father you will do.

HEre's your right ground: wag gently o're this black:
'Tis a short cast; y'are quickly at the jack,
Rub, rub an inch or two; two crowns to one,
On this bowls side: Blow wind, 'tis fairly thrown:
The next bowl's worse that comes, come bolw away;
Mammon, you know the ground untutor'd, play;
Your last was gone, a yard of strength well spar'd,
Had touch'd the block; your hand is still too hard,
Brave pastime, Readers, to consume that day,
Which without pastime flies too swift away!
See how they labour; as if day and night
Were both too short to serve their loose delight?
See how their curved bodies wreath, and skrue
Such antick shapes as *Proteus* never knew:
One rapps an oath, another deals a curse;
He never better bowl'd; this never worse:
One rubs his itchless elbow, shrugs and laughs,
The t'other bends his beetle brows, and chafes:
Sometimes they whoop, sometimes their Stygian cries
Send their black *Santo's* to the blushing skies:
Thus mingling humours in a mad confusion,
They make bad Promises, and worse conclusion:
But where's a Palm that Fortunes hand allows
To bless the victors honourable brows?
Come, Reader, come; I'le light thine eye the way
To view the prize, the while the Gamesters play:

Close by the jack, behold, gill fortune stands
To wave the game, see in her partial hands
The glorious garland's held in open show,
To chear the Lads, and crown the conqu'rors brow.
The world's the jack; the gamesters that contend,
Are *Cupid*, *Mammon*: that judicious Friend,
That gives the ground, is *Satan*: And the bowls
Are sinful Thoughts; they Prize, a crown for Fools.
Who breaths that bowls not? What bold tongue can say
Without a blush, he hath not bowl'd to day?
It is the trade of man, and every sinner
Has plaid his rubbers: Every Soul's a winner.
The vulger Proverb's croft, He hardly can
Be a good Bowler and an honest man.
Good God! turn thou my Brazil thoughts anew;
New sole my bowls, and make their bias true:
I'le cease to game, till fairer ground be given,
Nor wish to win, until the mark be Heaven.

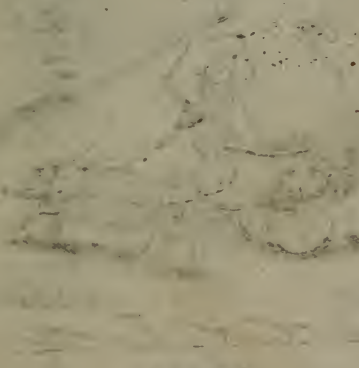
S, BERN.

S. BERNARD. lib. de Consid.

O you sons of Adam, *you covetous generations, what have ye to do with earthly riches, which are neither true, nor yours? Gold and Silver are real earth, red and white, which the only error of men makes, or rather reputes, precious: In short, if they be yours, carry them with you.*

S. HIERON. in Ep.

O Lust, thou infernal fire, whose fewel is gluttony; whose flame is pride; whose sparkles are wanton words; whose smoke is infamy; whose ashes are uncleanness: whose end is hell.



EPIG. 3.

Mammon well followed: *Cupid* bravely led;
Both Touchers; equal Fortune makes a dead:
No need can measure where the conquest lies;
Take my advice! compound, and share the Prize:

XI.

Vandus in exitium ruit 44

XI:

EPHES: 2. 2.

Ye walked according to the course of this World, according to the Prince of the air.

1

O Whither will this mad brain world at last
Be driv'n? Where will her restless wheels arrive?
Why hurries on her ill-match'd pair so fast?
O whether means her furious groom to drive?
What will her rambling fits be never past?
For ever ranging? Never once retrive?
Will Earth perpetual progress ne'r expire?
Her Team continuing in their fresh careir.
And yet they never rest, and yet they never tire.

2

Sol's hot mouth'd Steeds, whose nostrils vomit flame,
and brazen lungs belch forth quotidian fire,
Their twelve hours task perform'd grow stiff and lame,
And their immortal spirits faint and tire:
At th' azure mountains foot their labours claim
The priviledge of rest, where they retire
To quench their burning fetlocks, and go steep
Their flaming nostrils in the western deep,
And fresh their tired souls with strength restoring sleep.

3

But these prodigious hackneys, basely got
'Twixt men and devils, made for race or flight,
Can drag the idle world, expecting not
The bed of rest, but travel with delight;
Who never weighing way nor weather, trot

Through dust and dirt, and droil both night and day ;
Thus droil these fiends incarnate, whose free pains
Are fed with dropsies and venereal blains.
No need to use the whip ; but strength to rule the rains.

4

Poor captive world ! How has thy lightness given
A just occasion to thy foes illusion ?
O, how art thou betray'd thus fairly driven
In seeming triumph to thy own confusion ?
How is thy empty Universe bereaven
Of all true joys, by one false joys delusion ?
So I have seen an unblown virgin fed
With sugar'd words so full, that she is led
A fair attended Bride to a false Bankrupts bed.

5

Full gracious Lord ; Let not thine arm forsake
The world impounded in her own devices :
Think of that pleasure that thou once did'st take
Amongst the Lillies and sweet Beds of Spices.
Hale strongly, thou whose hand has pow'r to slack
The swift-foot fury of ten thousand vices :
Let not thy dust devouring Dragon boast,
His craft has won what Juda's Lion lost ;
Remember what is crav'd ; recount the price it cost.

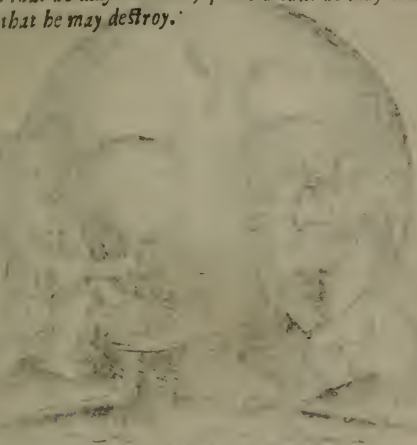
ISIDOR.

ISIDOR. lib. 1. De ſummo bono.

By how much the nearer Satan perceiveth the world to an end, by ſo much the more fiercely he troubleth it with perſecution; that knowing himſelf is to be damned, he may get company in his damnation.

CYPRIAN. in Ep.

Broad and ſpacious is the road to infernal life; there are enticements and death-bringing pleaſures. There the Devil flattereth that he may deceive; ſmileth that he may endamage; allureth that he may deſtroy.



EPIG. 11.

Nay ſoft and fair, good world; peſt not too faſt;
Thy journies end require, not half this haſt.
Unleſs that arm thou ſo diſdain'ſt, reprives thee,
Alas thou needs muſt go; the devil dives thee.

XII.

Inopem me copia fecit.

48.

XII.

ISAIAH 66. 11.

Ye may ſuck, but not be ſatisfied with the breaſt of her conſolation.

1

WHat never fill'd? Be thy lips skrew'd ſo faſt (theet
Toth' earths full breaſt? for ſhame, for ſhame unſeize
Thou tak'ſt a ſurfet where thou ſhould'ſt but taſt,
And mak'ſt too much not half enough to pleaſe thee.
Ah, fool, forbear; thou ſwalloweſt at one breath
Both food and poiſon down; thou draw'ſt both milk and (death.

2

The ub'rous breaſts, when fairly drawn, repaſt
The thriving infant with her milkie floud,
But being overſtrain'd, return at laſt
Unwholſom gulps compos'd of wind and blood.
A mod'rate uſe does both repaſt and pleaſe;
Who ſtrains beyond a mean draws in and gulps diſeaſe.

3

But, O that mean, whoſe good the leaſt abuſe
Makes bad, is too too hard to be directed:
Can thorns bring grapes, or Crabs a pleaſing juice?
There's nothing wholſom, where the whole's infected.
Unſeiſe thy lips: Earth's milk's a rip'ned core,
That drops from her diſeaſe, that matters from her ſore.

4

Think'ſt thou that punch, that burlyes out thy coat,
Is thriving fat; or fleſh, that ſeems ſo brawny?
Thy paunch is dropſied and thy cheeks are bloat;
Thy lips are white, and thy complexion tawny;

Thy

Thy skin's a bladder blown with watry tumors;
Thy flesh a trembling bog, a quagmire full of humours.

5

And thou whose thriveless hands, are ever straining
Earths fluent breasts into an empty sieve,
That always hast, yet always art complaining,
And whin'st for more then earth has power to give;
Whose treasure flows and flees away as fast;
That ever hast, and hast, yet hast not what thou hast:

6

Go choose a substance, Fool, that will remain
Within the limits of thy leaking measure;
Or else go seek an urn that will retain
The liquid body of thy slipp'ry treasure:
Alas, how poorly are thy labours crown'd?
Thy liquor's never sweet, nor yet thy vessel sound.

7

What less, than Fool, is man, to prog and plot.
And lavish out the cream of all his care,
To gain poor seeming goods, which being got,
Make firm possession but a thorow fare;
Or, if they stay, they furrow thoughts the deeper.
And being kept with care, they lose their careful keeper.

S. GREG.

S. GREG. Hom. 3. second. parte Ezech.

If we give more to the flesh then we ought, we nourish an enemy; if we give not to her necessity what we ought, we destroy a Citizen: The flesh is to be satisfied so far as suffices to our good; whosoever alloweth so much to her as to make her proud, knoweth not how to be satisfied: To be satisfied is a great art; lest by the satiety of the flesh we break forth into the iniquity of her folly.

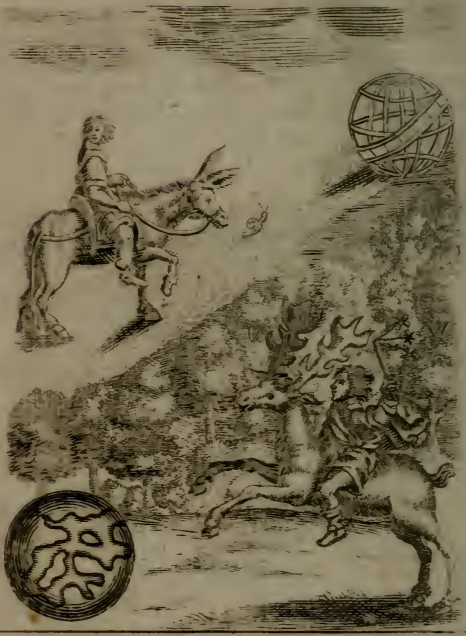
HUGO de anima.

The heart is a small thing, but desireth great matters. It is not sufficient for a Kites dinner, yet the whole world is not sufficient for it.

EPIG. 12.

What makes thee, Fool, so fat? Fool, thou so bare?
Ye suck the self same milk, the self-same air:
No mean betwixt a paunch, and skin, and bone?
The mean's a virtue and the world has none.

XIII.



Da mihi frœna timor. Da mihi calcar amor

XIII.

JOHN 3. 19.

Men love darkneſs rather than light, becauſe their deeds are evil.

LOrd, when we leave the world and come to Thee,
How dull, how ſlug are we!
How backward! How prepoſterous is the motion
Of our ungain devotion!
Our thoughts are Milſtones, and our ſouls are lead,
And our deſires are dead:
Our vows are fairly promis'd, faintly paid;
Or broken or not made:
Our better work (if any good) attends
Upon our private ends
In whoſe performance one poor worldly ſcoff
Foils us or beats us off.
If thy ſharp ſcourge find out ſome ſecret fault,
We grumble or revolt,
And if thy gentle hand forbear, we ſtray,
Or idly loſe the way.
Is the road fair? we loyter: clogg'd with mire?
We ſtick or elſe retire:
A lamb appears a Lion; and we fear,
Each buſh we ſee's a bear.
When out dull ſouls direct our thoughts to thee,
The ſoft-pac'd ſnail is not ſo ſlow as we:
But at earth we dart our wing'd deſire,
We burn, we burn like fire.
Like as the am'rous needle joys to bend
To her magnetick friend;

O

Or as the greedy Lovers eye-balls fly
At his fair Miſtriſs eye:
So, ſo we cling to earth; we fly and puff,
Yet flie not faſt enough.
If pleaſure becken with her balmy hand,
Her beck's a ſtrong command:
If honour call us with a courtly breath:
An hour's delay is death:
If profits golden finger'd charms enveigles,
We clip more ſwift than Eagles:
Let Auſter weep, or bluſtring Boreas rore
Till eyes or lungs be ſore:
Let Neptune ſwell until his dropſy ſides
Burſt into broken tides:
Nor threatning Rocks, nor Winds, nor Waves, nor Fire,
Can crub our fierce deſire;
Nor Fire, nor Rocks, can ſtop your furious minds,
Nor Waves, nor Winds
How faſt and fearleſs do our footſteps flee!
The light-foot Roe-buck's not ſo ſweet, as we.

S. AUG.

S. AUGUST. sup. Psal. 64.

Two several lovers built two several Cities; the love of God buildeth a Jerusalem; the love of the world buildeth a Babylon: Let every one enquire of himself what he loveth, and he shall resolve himself of whence he is a Citizen.

S. AUGUST. lib. 3. Confes.

All things are driven by their own weight, and tend to their own center; My weight is my love; by that I am driven whithersoever I am driven.

Ibidem.

Lord, he loveth thee the less, that loveth any thing with thee, which he loveth not for thee.

EPIG. 13.

Lord, scourge my Ass, if she should make no haste,
And curb my Stag, if he should fly too fast:
If he be over-swift, or she prove idle,
Let Love lend him a spur: Fear, her a bridle.

XIV.

Phosphere redde diem

56

XIV.

PSALM 13. 3.

Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, left I sleep the sleep of death.

Will't ne'r be morning? Will that promis'd light
Ne'r break, and clear those clouds of night?
Sweet *Phosper*, bring the day,
whose conqu'ring ray
May chase these fogs; Sweet *Phosper*, bring the day.

How long! How long shall these benighted eyes
Languish in shades, like feeble flies
Expecting Spring? How long shall darkness foyl
The face of earth, and thus beguile
Our souls of sprightful action? When, when will day
Begin to dawn, whose new born ray
May gild the weather-cocks of our devotion,
And give our unsoul'd souls new motion?
Sweet *Phosper*, bring the day,
Thy light will fray
These horrid mists? Sweet *Phosper* bring the day.

Let those have night that slighly love t'immure
Their cloyster'd crimes, and sin secure;
Let those have night that blush to let men know
The baseness they ne'r blush to do;
Let those have night, that love to have a nap
And loll in Ignorances lap;
Let those whose eyes, like Owls, abhor the light,
Let those have night that love the night:

Sweet *Phosper* bring the day;
How sad delay
Afflicts dull hopes? Sweet *Phosper*, bring the day.

Alas! my light in vain expecting eyes
Can find no object but what rise
From this poor mortal blaze, a dying spark
Of *Vulcan*'s forge, whose flames are dark,
A dangerous, a dull blew burning light,
As melancholy as the night:
Here's all the Suns that glister in the Sphere
Of earth: Ah me! What comfort's here?
Sweet *Phosper* bring the day;
Haste, haste away
Heav'ns loyt'ring lamp; Sweet *Phosper*, bring the day.

Blow, Ignorance: O thou, whose idle knee
Rocks earth into a Lethargy,
And with thy sooty fingers hast bedight
The worlds fair cheeks, blow, blow thy spight;
Since thou hast puft our greater Taper; do
Puff on, and out the lesser too:
If e're that breath-exiled flame return,
Thou hast not blown, as it will burn:
Sweet *Phosper*, bring the day:
Light will repay
The wrongs of night: Sweet *Phosper*, bring the day.

S. AUGUST. in Joh. Ser. 19.

God is all to thee: If thou be hungry, he is bread; if thirsty, he is water; if darkness, he is light; If naked, he is a robe of immortality.

ALANUS de conq. nat.

God is a light that is never darkned; An unwearied life that cannot die; a fountain always flowing; a garden of life; a seminary of wisdom; a radical beginning of all goodness.

EPIG. 14.

My soul, If Ignorance puff out this light,
She'l do a favour that intends a spight:
'T seems dark abroad; but take this light away,
Thy windows will discover *break a day.*

XV.

Debilitatæ fides: Terras Astræa reliqui.

XV.

REV. 12. 12.

The Devil is come unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time.

1

LOrd! can'ſt thou ſee and ſuffer? is thy hand
Still bound to th' peace? Shall earths black Monarch
A full poſſeſſion of thy waſted land?
O, will thy ſlumb'ring vengeance never wake,
Till full ag'd law-reſiſting Cuſtom ſhake
The Pillars of thy right by falſe command?
Unlock thy clouds, great Thund'rer and come down;
Behold thoſe Temples wear thy ſacred Crown;
Redreſs, redreſs our wrongs; revenge, revenge thy own.

2

See how the bold Uſurper mounts the ſeat
Of royal Majeſty; How overſtrawing
Perils with Pleaſure, pointing ev'ry threat
With bugbear death, by torments over-awing
Thy frighted ſubject; or by favours drawing
Their tempted hearts to his unjuſt retreat;
Lord can'ſt thou be ſo mild, and he ſo bold?
Or can thy flocks be thriving, when the fold
Is govern'd by the Fox? Lord, can'ſt thou ſee and hold?

3

That ſwift-wing'd Advocate, that did commence
Our welcome ſuits before the King of Kings,

That ſweet Embaſſador, that hurries hence
What ayres th' harmonious ſoul or ſighs or ſings,
See how ſhe flutters with her idle wings;
Her wings are clipt, and eyes put out by ſenſe;
Senſe conqu'ring Faith is now grown blind and cold,
And baſely craven'd, that in times of old
Did conquer Heav'n it ſelf, do what th' Almighty could.

4

Behold how double fraud does ſcourge and tear
Aſtræa's wounded ſides, plough'd up, and rent
With knotted cords, whoſe fury has no ear;
See how ſhe ſtands a pris'ner to be ſent
A ſlave into eternal baniſhment,
I know not whither, O, I know not where:
Her Patent muſt be cancell'd in diſgrace;
And ſweet-lipt Fraud, with her divided face,
Muſt act *Aſtræa*'s part, muſt take *Aſtræa*'s place.

5

Faith's pinion's clipt! And fair *Aſtræa* gone?
Quick ſeeing *Faith* now blind? And *Juſtice* ſee?
Has *Juſtice* now found wings: And has *Faith* none?
What do we here? Who would not wiſh to be
Diſſolv'd from earth, and with *Aſtræa* flee
From this blind dungeon to that Sun bright Throne?
Lord, is thy Scepter loſt, or laid aſide?
Is hell broke looſe, and all her fiends untied?
Lord, riſe, and rouze, & rule, and cruſh their furious pride.

PETER

PETR. RAV, in Matth.

The Devil is the author of evil, the fountain of wickedneſs, the adverſary of the truth, the corrupter of the World, mans perpetual enemy; he planteth ſnares, diggeth ditches, ſpurreth bodies, he goadeth ſouls, he ſuggeſteth thoughts, belcheth anger; expoſeth virtues to hatred, maketh vices beloved, ſoweth errors, nouriſheth contention, diſturbeth peace, and ſcattereth affection.

MACAR.

Let us ſuffer with thoſe that ſuffer: And be crucified, with thoſe that are crucified, that we may be glorified with thoſe that are glorified.

SAVANAR.

If there be no enemy, no fight; if no fight, no victory; if no victory, no crown.

EPIG. 15.

My ſoul, ſit thou a patient looker on;
Judge not the play before the play is done:
Her plot has many changes: Every day
Speaks a new Scene; the laſt act crowns the Play.

I.

Sic lumine lumen, adempta

THE SECOND BOOK.

I.

ISAIAH 50. 11.

You that walk in the light of your own fire; and in the sparks that ye have kindled, ye shall lie down in sorrow.

1

DO, silly *Cupid*, snuff and trim
Thy false, thy feeble light,
And make her self-consuming flames more bright;
Methinks she burns too dim.
Is this that sprightly fire,
Whose more than sacred beams inspire
The ravisht hearts of men, and so inflame desire?

2

See, Boy, how thy unthrifty blaze
Consumes, how fast she wains;
She spends her self, and her, whose wealth maintains
Her weak, her idle rays.
Cannot thy lustful blast
Which gave it lustree, make it last! (fast.
What heart can long be pleas'd, where pleasure spends so

3

Go, Wanton, place thy palefac'd light
Where never breaking day
Intends to visit mortals, or display
Thy sullen shades of night:
Thy torch will burn more clear
In nights un-Titan'd Hemisphere;
Heav'ns scornful flames and thine can never co-appear.

In

4

In vain thy buſie hands addreſs
Their labour to diſplay
Thy eaſie blaze within the Verge of day;
The greater drowns the leſs:
If Heav'ns bright glory ſhine,
Thy glim'ring ſparks muſt needs reſign;
Puff out heav'ns glory then, or heav'n will work out thine.

5

Go, *Cupid*'s rammiſh Pander, go,
Whoſe dull, whoſe low deſire
Can find ſufficient warmth from Natures fire,
Spend borrow'd breath, and blow,
Blow wind made ſtrong with ſpight;
When thou haſt puft the greater light
Thy leſſer ſpark may ſhine, and warm the new-made night.

6

Deluded Mortals, tell me when
Your daring breath has blown
Heav'ns Taper out, and you have ſpent your own,
What fire ſhall warm you then?
Ah fools, perpetual night
Shall haunt your Souls with Stygian fright,
Where they ſhall boil in flames, but flames ſhall bring no light.

S. AUGUST:

S. AUGUST.

The sufficiency of my merit, is to know that my merit is not sufficient.

S. GREG. Mor. 25.

By how much the less man seeth himself, by so much the less he displeaseth himself; and by how much the more he seeth the light of Grace, by so much the more he disdaineth the light of nature.

S. GREG. Mor.

The light of the understanding, humility kindleth, and pride covereth.

EPIG. 1.

Thou blow'st heav'ns fire, the whil'st thou go'st about,
Rebellious fool, in vain to blow it out:
Thy folly adds confusion to thy death;
Heav'ns fire confounds, when fann'd with Follies breath.

II.

Donec totum expleat orbem.

68

II.

ECCLES. 4. 8.

There is no end of all his labour, neither is his Eye satisfied with Riches.

O How our wid'ned arms can over-stretch
Their own dimensions! How our hands can reach
Beyond their distance! How our yielding breast
Can shrink to be more full, and full possest
Of this inferiour Orb? How earth refin'd
Can cling to sordid earth! How kind to kind!
We gape, we grasp, we gripe, and store to store;
Enough requires too much; too much craves more.
We charge our souls so sore beyond their stint,
That we recoil or burst: the busie Mint
Of our laborious thoughts is ever going,
And coyning new desires; desires not knowing
Where next to pitch, but like the boundless Ocean
Gain, and gain ground, and grow more strong by motion.
The pale-fac'd Lady of the black ey'd night
First tips her horned brows with easie light,
Whose curious train of spangled Nimphs attire
Her next nights glory with increasing fire;
Each Ev'ning adds more lustre, and adorns
The growing beauty of her grasping horns:
She sucks and draws her brother's golden store,
Until her glutted orb can suck no more,
Ev'n to the Vulture of insatiate minds
Still wants, and wanting seeks, and seeking finds
New fewel to increase her rav'nous fire,
The grave is sooner cloy'd than mens desire:
We cross the Seas, and midst her waves we burn,
Transporting lifes, perchance that ne're return;

We

We ſack, we ranſack t) the utmoſt ſands
Of native kingdoms, and of forreign lands;
We travel Sea and Soil, we pry, we proul,
We progreſs, and we prog from pole to pole:
We ſpend our mid-day ſweat, our midnight oyl,
We tire the night in thought, the day in toil:
We make Art ſervile, and the Trade gentile,
(Yet both corrupted with ingenious guile)
To compaſs earth, and with her empty ſtore
To fill our arms, and graſp one handful more;
Thus ſeeking reſt, our labours never ceaſe,
But as our years, our hot deſires increaſe:
Thus we, poor little Worlds! with blood and ſweat
In vain attempt to comprehend the great;
Thus, in our gain become we gainful loſers,
And what's enclos'd, encloſes the encloſers.
Now Reader cloſe thy book, and then adviſe;
Be wiſely worldly, be not worldly wiſe;
Let not thy nobler thoughts be always raking
The world's baſe dunghil; vermin's took by taking:
Take heed thou truſt not the deceitful lap
Of wanton *Delilah*; The world's a Trap.

HUGO

HUGO de anima.

Tell me where be thoſe now, that ſo lately loved and hugg'd the world? Nothing remaineth of them but duſt and worms; Obſerve what thoſe men were; what thoſe men are: They were like thee; they did eat, drink, laugh, and led merry days; and in a moment ſlipt into hell. Here their fleſh is food for worms; there their Souls are fewel for fire, till they ſhall be rejoyned in an unhappy fellowſhip, and caſt into eternal torments; where they that were once companions in ſin, ſhall be hereafter partners in puniſhment.

EPIG. 2.

Gripe, *Cupid*, and gripe ſtill, until that wind,
That's pent before, find ſecret vent behind:
And when th'aſt done, hark here, I tell thee what,
Before I'le truſt thy armful, I'le truſt that.

III.

Non amat iſte ; ſed hamat amor.

III.

JOB 18. 8:

He is cast into a net by his own feet, and walketh upon a snare.

1

WHat? nets and quiver too? What need there all
These slie devices to betray poor men?
Die they not fast enough when thousands fall
Before thy dart? What need these engines then?
Attend they not, and answer to thy call,
Like nightly coveys where thou list and when?
What needs a stratagem where strength can sway?
Or what needs strength compel, where none gainsay?
Or what needs stratagem or strength, where hearts obey?

2

Husband thy slights: It is but vain to waste
Honey on those that will be catch'd with gall;
Thou canst not, ah! the canst not bid so fast
As men obey: Thou art more slow to call,
Then they to come; thou canst not make such haste,
To strike, as they being struck make haste to fall.
Go save thy nets for that rebellious heart
That scorns thy pow'r, and has obtained the art
T'avoid thy flying shaft, to quench thy fi'ry dart.

3

Lost mortal, how is thy distruction sure,
Between two bawds, and both without remorse!

The on's a Line, the t'other is a Lure;
This to intice thy soul; that to enforce:
Way-laid by both, how canst thou stand secure?
That draws; this wooes thee to th' eternal curse.
O charming Tyrant, how hast thou befool'd
And slav'd poor man, that would not if he could
Avoid thy line, thy lure; nay could not if he would!

4

Alas, thy sweet perfidious voice betrays
His wanton ears with thy Syrenian baits;
Thou wrapest his eyes in mists, then boldy lays
Thy Lethal gins before their chrystal gates;
Thou lok'st up ev'ry sense with thy false keys,
All willing pris'ners to thy close deceits:
His ear most nimble, where it deaf should be,
His eye most blind, where most it ought to see. (free·
And when his heart's most bound, then thinks himself most

5

Thou grand Impostor, how hast thou obtain'd
The wardship of the world? Are all men turn'd
Idiots and Lunaticks? Are all retain'd
Beneath thy servile bands; is none return'd
To his forgotten self? Has none regain'd
His senses? Are their senses all adjourn'd?
What none dismift thy Court? Will no plump fee
Bribe thy false fists to make a glad decree,
T' unfool whom thou hast fool'd, & set thy pris'ners free?

S. BERN. in Ser.

In this world is much treachery, little truth, here all things are traps; here every thing is beset with snares; here souls are endangered, bodies are afflicted; here all things are vanity and vexation of spirit.

EPIG. 3.

Nay, *Cupid*, pitch thy trammel, where thou pleaſe,
Thou canſt not fail to take ſuch fiſh as theſe;
Thy thriving ſport will ne'r be ſpent: no need
To fear, when ev'ry cork's a world, thou'l't ſpeed.

IV.

Quam graue ſerimum eſt quod leuis eſca parit

IV.

HOSEA 13. 3.

They shall be as the chaff that is driven with a whirlwind out of the floor, and as the smoke out of the Chimney.

FLint-hearted Stoicks, you, whose marble eyes
Contemn a wrinkle, and whose souls despise
To follow natures too affected fashion,
Or travel in the Regent walk of Passion;
Whose rigid hearts disdain to shrink at fears,
Or play at fast and loose, with smiles and tears;
Come burst your spleens with laugther to behold
A new found vanity, which days of old
Ne'r knew: a vanity, that has beset
The world, and made more slaves than *Mahomet*:
That has condemn'd us to the servile yoke
Of slavery, and made us slaves to smoke.
But stay; why tax I thus our modern times,
For new-born follies, and for new-born crimes?
Are we sole guilty, and the first age free?
No, they were smok'd and slav'd as well as we: (sure
What's sweet-lipt Honours blast, but smoke? What's trea-
But very smoke? And what more smoke than pleasure?
Alas! they're all but shadows, fumes, and blasts,
That vanishes, this fades, the other wastes.
The restless Merchant, he that loves to steep
His brains in wealth, and lays his soul to sleep
In bags of Bullion, sees th' immortal crown,
And fain would mount, but Ingots keep him down:
He brags to day, perchance, and begs to morrow:
He lent but now, wants credit now to borrow;

Blow winds, the treasure's gone, the merchant's broke;
A slave to silver's but a slave to smoke.
Behold the Glory-vying child of fame,
That from deep wounds suck such an honour'd name,
That thinks no purchase worth the stile of good,
But what is sold for sweat, and seal'd with blood;
That for a point, a blast of empty breath,
Undaunted gazes in the face of death;
Whose dear bought bubble, fill'd with vain renown,
Breaks with a phillop, or a Gen'rals frown:
His stroke-got Honour, staggars with a stroke;
A slave to honour, is a slave to smoke.
And that fond fool, which wastes his idle days
In loose delights, and sports about the blaze
Of *Cupia*'s Candle; he that daily spies
Twin babies in his Mistriss *Geminies*,
Whereto his sad devotion does impart
The sweet burnt-offering of a bleeding heart:
See, how his wings are sindg'd in Cyprian fire,
Whose flames consume with youth, in age expire;
The World's a bubble, all the pleasures in it,
Like morning vapours vanish in a minute:
The vapours vanish, and the bubble's broke;
A slave to pleasure, is a slave to smoke.
Now, Stoick, cease thy laughter, and repast
Thy pickled cheeks with tears, and weep as fast.

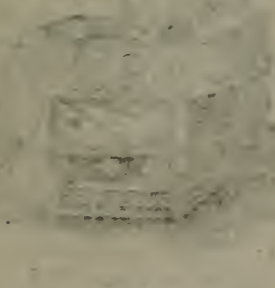
S. HIERON.

S. HIERON.

That rich man is great, who thinketh not himself great, because he is rich: the proud man (who is the poor man) braggeth outwardly, but beggeth inwardly: He is blown up, but not full.

PETR. RAV.

Vexation and anguish accompany riches and honour: the pomp of the world, and the favour of the people, are but smoke; and a blast suddenly vanishing: Which if they commonly please, commonly bring repentance, and for a minute of joy, they bring an age of sorrow.



EPIG. 4.

Cupid, thy diet's strange: It dulls, it rowzes,
It cools, it heats, it binds, and then it looses:
Dull-sprightly-cold-hot fool, if ev'r it winds thee
Into a looseness once, take heed, it binds thee.

V.

Non omne quod hic micat aurum est

V.

PROV. 23. 5.

Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which is not? for riches make themselves wings, they flie away as an Eagle.

1

FAlse world, thou ly'st: thou canst not lend
The least delight:
Thy favours cannot gain a Friend,
They are so slight:
Thy morning pleasures make an end
To please at night:
Poor are the wants that thou supply'st:
And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou vy'st (ly'st.
With Heaven; fond earth thou boasts; false world thou

2

Thy babling tongue tells golden tales
Of endless treasure;
Thy bounty offers easie sales
Of lasting pleasure;
Thou ask'st the Conscience what she ails,
And swear'st to ease her:
There's none can want where thou supply'st:
There's none can give where thou deny'st.
Alas, fond world thou boasts; false world thou ly'st.

3

What well advised ear regards
What earth can say?
Thy words are gold, but thy rewards
Are painted clay;

Thy

Thy cunning can but pack the cards
Thou canſt not play :
Thy game at weakeſt ſtill thou vy'ſt ;
If ſeen, and then revy'd, deny'ſt ;
Thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt : falſe world, thou ly'ſt.

4

Thy tinſil boſome ſeems a mint,
Of new-coin'd treaſure,
A Paradiſe, that has no ſtint,
No change, no meaſure ;
A painted cask, but nothing in't,
Nor wealth, nor pleaſure :
Vain earth ! that falſly thus comply'ſt
With man : Vain man ! that thou rely'ſt
On earth : Vain man thou dot'ſt : Vain earth thou ly'ſt.

5

What mean dull ſouls, in this high meaſure
To haberdaſh
In earths baſe wares, whoſe greateſt treaſure
Is droſs and traſh ?
The height of whoſe inchanting pleaſure
Is but a flaſh ?
Are theſe the goods that thou ſupplyſt
Us mortals with ? Are theſe the high'ſt ?
Can theſe bring cordial peace ? falſe world thou ly'ſt.

PET. BLES.

The world is deceitful: Her end is doubtful; Her conclusion is horrible; her Judge is terrible; and her punishment is intolerable.

S. AUGUST. lib. Confess.

The vain glory of this world is a deceitful sweetness, a fruitless labour, a perpetual fear, a dangerous honour: Her beginning is without providence, and her end not without repentance.

EPIG. 5.

World, th' art a Traytor; thou hast stampt thy base
And chymick metal with great *Cæsar*'s face,
And with thy bastard-bullion thou hast batter'd
For wares of price; how justly drawn and quarter'd!

VI.

Sic decipit orbis. 84

VI.

JOB 15. 31.

Let not him that is deceived trust in vanity, for vanity shall be his recompence.

1

Believe her not, her glass diffuses
False portraitures: thou canst espie
No true reflection: She abuses
Her mis-inform'd beholders eye;
Her Chrystal's fallly steel'd: it scatters
Deceitful beams. Believe her not, she flatters.

2

His flaring mirour represents
No right proportion, view or feature:
Her very looks are complements;
They make thee fairer, goodlier, greater:
The skilful gloss of her reflection
That paints the Context of thy course complexion.

3

Were thy dimension but a stride,
Nay, wert thou statur'd but a span,
Such as the long-bill'd troops desi'd,
A very fragment of a man?
She'l make thee *Mimas*, which ye will,
The *Jove*-slain Tyrant, or th'*Ionick* hill.

4

And furfets, or th'ungracious Star
Conspir'd to make one common place

Of all deformities that are
Within the volume of thy face,
She'd lend thee favour should out-move
The *Troy*-bane *Helen*, or the Queen of Love.

5

Were thy consum'd estate as poor
As *Laz'rus* or afflicted *Job's*:
Shee'l change thy wants to seeming store,
And turn thy rags to purple robes;
Shee'l make thy hide-bound flank appear
As plump as theirs that feast it all the year.

6

Look off, let not thy Opticks be
Abus'd: thou seest not what thou should'st:
Thy self's the object thou should'st see,
But 'tis thy shadow thou beholdst:
And shadows thrive the more in stature,
The nearer we approach the light of nature.

7

Where Heav'ns bright beams look more direct,
The shadow shrinks as they grow stronger:
But when they glance their fair aspect,
The bold-fac'd shade grows larger, longer:
And when their lamp begins to fall,
Th'increasing shadows lengthen most of all.

8

The soul that seeks the noon of grace,
Shrinks in, but swells if grace retreat;
As heav'n lifts up, or veils his face,
Our self-esteems grow less or great.
The least is greatest, and who shall
Appear the greatest, are the least of all.

HUGO

HUGO lib. de anima.

In vain he lifteth up the eye of his heart to behold his God, who is not first rightly advised to behold himself: First, thou must see the visible things of thy self, before thou canst be prepared to know the invisible things of God; for if thou canst not apprehend the things within thee, thou canst not comprehend the things above thee: the best looking glass, wherein to see thy God, is perfectly to see thy self.

EPIG. 6.

Be not deceiv'd great Fool: there is no loss
In being small; great bulks but swell with dross.
Man is heav'ns Master-piece: If it appear
More great, the valu's less; if less, more dear.

VII.

VII.

DEUTERONOMY 30. 19.

I have set before thee life and death, blessing and cursing, therefore choose life, that thou and thy seed may live.

1

THe world's a Floor, whose swelling heaps retain
The mingled wages of the Ploughmans toyl;
The world's a heap, whose yet unwinnowed grain
Is lodg'd with chaff and buried in her soyl;
All things are mixt, the useful with the vain;
The good with bad; the noble with the vile;
The world's an Ark, wherein things pure and gross
Present their lost-ful gain, and gainful loss,
Where ev'ry dram of gold contains a pound of dross.

2

This furnish'd Ark presents the greedy view
With all that earth can give, or Heav'n can add;
Here lasting joyes; here pleasures hourly new,
And hourly fading, may be wish'd and had:
All points of Honour, counterfeit and true,
Salute thy soul, and wealth both good and bad:
Here maist thou open wide the two leav'd door
Of all thy wishes, to receive that store
Which being empty most, does overflow the more.

3

Come then my ſoul, approach this royal Burſe,
And ſee what wares our great Exchange retains;
Come, come; here's that ſhall make a firm divorce
Betwixt thy wants and thee, if want complains;
No need to ſit in council with thy purſe,
Here's nothing good ſhall coſt more price than pains:
But O my ſoul take heed, if thou rely
Upon thy faithleſs Opticks, thou wilt buy
Too blind a bargain: Know, fools only trade by th' eye.

4

The worldly wiſdom of the fooliſh man
Is like a ſieve, that does alone retain
The groſſer ſubſtance of the worthleſs brain;
But thou, my ſoul, let thy brave thoughts diſdain
So courſe a purchaſe, O be thou a fan
To purge the chaff, and keep the winnow'd grain:
Make clean thy thoughts, and dreſs thy mixt deſires
Thou art Heav'ns tasker; and thy God requires,
The pureſt of thy floor, as well as of thy fires.

5

Let grace conduct thee to the paths of peace,
And wiſdom bleſs the ſouls unblemiſh'd ways,
No matter then, how ſhort or long's the leaſe,
Whoſe date determines thy ſelf-numbred days:
No need to care, for wealth's or fame's increaſe,
Nor *Mars* his Palms, nor high *Apollo*'s Bays.
Lord, if thy gracious bounty pleaſe to fill
The floor of my deſires, and teach me skill
To dreſs and chuſe the corn, take thoſe the chaff that will.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. lib. 1. de doct. Christi.

Temporal things more ravish in the expectations than in fruition: But things eternal more in the fruition than expectation.

Ibidem.

The life of man is the middle between Angels and Beasts: if man takes pleasure in carnal things, he is compared to beasts: but if he delight in spiritual things, he is suited with Angels.

EPIG. 7.

Art thou a child? Thou wilt not then be fed,
But like a child, and with the childrens bread:
But thou art fed with chaff, or corn undreft:
My soul thou savour'st too much of the beast.

VIII.

Hæc animant pueros cymbala, at illa viros

VIII.

PHILIPPIANS 3. 19.

They mind earthly things, but our converſation is in Heaven.

Venus. *Div. Cupid.*

Ven. WHat means this peeviſh babe? Whiſh, lullaby,
What ails my babe? What ails my babe to cry?
Will nothing ſtill it? Will it neither be
Pleas'd with the nurſes breaſt, nor mothers knee?
What ails my bird? What moves my forward boy
To make ſuch whimp'ring faces? Peace, my joy:
Will nothing do? Come, come, this pettiſh brat,
Thus cry and brawl, and cannot tell for what?
Come buſs and friends, my lamb; whiſh lullaby,
What ails my babe? What ails my babe to cry?
Peace, peace my dear; alas, thy early years
Had never faults to merit half theſe tears;
Come ſmile upon me: Let thy mother ſpie
Thy fathers image in her babies eye:
Husband theſe guilty drops againſt thee rage
Of harder fortunes, and the gripes of age;
Thine eye's not ripe for tears: Whiſh lullaby;
What ails my babe, my ſweet fac'd babe to cry?
Look, look, what's here! A dainty golden thing:
See how the dancing bells turn round and ring
To pleaſe my bantling! Here's a knack will breed
An hundred kiſſes; Here's a knack indeed.

So, now my bird is white, and looks as fair
As *Pelops* shoulder, or like a milk-white pair:
Here's right the father's smile; when *Mars* beguil'd
Sick *Venus* of her heart, just thus he smil'd.

Divine Cupid.

Well may they smile alike; thy base-bred boy
And his base sier had both one cause, a toy:
How will their subjects and their smiles agree?
Thy *Cupid* 's a toy, and *Mars* found thee:
False Queen of beauty, Queen of false delights,
Thy knee presents an Embleme, that invites
Man to himself, whose self transported heart
(Ov'r-whelm'd with native sorrows, and the smart
Of purchas'd griefs) lies whining night and day,
Not knowing why, till heavy heeld delay,
The dull-brow'd Pander of despair, laies by
His leaden buskings, and presents his eye
With antick trifles, which th' indulgent earth
Makes proper objects of mans childish mirth.
These be the coyn that pass, the sweets that please;
There's nothing good, there's nothing great but these:
These be the pipes that base born minds dance after,
And turn immod'rate tears to lavish laughter;
Whilst Heav'nly raptures pass without regard;
Their strings are harsh, and their high streans unheard:
The ploughmans whistle or the trivial flute
Find more respect than great *Apollo*'s lute:
We'll look to Heav'n, and trust to higher joys;
Let swine love husks, and children whine for toys.

S. BERN.

S. BERN.

That is the true and chief joy, which is not conceived from the creature, but received from the Creator, which (being once possest thereof) none can take from thee: Wherein all pleasure being compared is torment, all joy is grief, sweet things are bitter, all glory is baseness, and all delectable things are despicable.

S. BERN.

Joy in a changeable subject must necessarily change as the subject changeth.

EPIG. 8.

Peace, childish *Cupid*, peace: thy finger'd eye
But cries for what, in time, will make the cry
But are thy peevish wranglings thus appeas'd?
Well mayest thou cry, that art so poorly pleas'd.

IX.

Venturum exhorresco diem.

IX.

ISAIAH 10. 3.

What will you do in the day of your visitation? to whom will ye flie for help? and where will you leave your glory?

1

IS this that jolly God, whose Cyprian bow
Has shot so many flaming darts,
And made so many wounded Beauties go
Sadly perplex'd with whimp'ring hearts?
Is this that Sov'reign Deity that brings
The slavish world in awe, and stings (Kings?
The blundring souls of swains, and stops the hearts of

2

What Circean charm, what Hecatean spight
Has thus abus'd the God of love?
Great *Jove* was vanquish'd by his greater might;
(And who is stronger-arm'd than *Jove*)
Or has our lustful god perform'd a Rape,
And (fearing *Argus* eyes) would scape
The view of jealous earth, in this prodigious shape?

3

Where be those rosie cheeks, that lately scorn'd
The malice of injurious Fates?
Ah, where's that pearl Percullis that adorn'd
Those dainty two-leav'd Ruby gates?
Where be those killing eyes, that so control'd
The world? And locks that did infold.
Like knots of flaming wire, like curles of burnish'd gold?

No.

4

No, no, 'twas neither Hecatean ſpite,
Nor charm below, nor pow'r above;
'Twas neither *Circes* ſpell, nor Stygian ſp'rit,
That thus transform'd our God of Love,
'Twas owl-ey'd Luſt (more potent far than they)
Whoſe eyes and actions hate the day:
Whom all the world obſerve, whom all the world obey.

5

See how the latter Trumpets dreadful blaſt
Affrights ſtout *Mars* his trembling ſon!
See, how he ſtartles! how he ſtands agaſt,
And ſcrambles from his melting Throne!
Hark, how the direful hand of vengeance tears
The ſwelt'ring clouds, whilſt Heav'n appears
A circle fill'd with flame, and centred with his fears.

6

This is that day, whoſe oft report hath worn
Neglected tongues of Prophets bare;
The faithleſs ſubject of the worldlings ſcorn,
The ſum of Men and Angels pray'r:
This, this the day, whoſe All-diſcerning light
Ranſacks the ſecret dens of night,
And ſevers good from bad; true joys from falſe delight.

7

You grov'ling worldlings, you, whoſe wiſdom trades
Where light nev'r ſhot his golden ray,
That hide your actions in Cimmerian ſhades,
How will your eyes endure this day?
Hills will be deaf, and mountains will not hear;
There be no caves, no corners there, (fear.
To ſhade your ſouls from fire, to ſhield your hearts from

HUGO.

HUGO.

O the extreme loathsomnes of fleshly lust, which not only effeminates the mind, but enerves the body; which not only distaineth the soul, but disguiseth the person! It is ushered with fury and wantonnes; it is accompanied with filthines and uncleannes; and it is followed with grief and repentance.

EPIG. 9.

What? sweet fac'd *Cupid*, has thy bastard-treasure,
Thy boasted honours and thy bold-fac'd pleasure
Perplex'd thee now? I told thee long ago,
To what they'd bring thee, fool, *To wit, to woe.*

X.

Finnit : mane est.

X.

NAHUM 2. 10.

She is empty, and void, and waſte.

1

SHe's empty: hark, ſhe ſounds, there's nothing there
But noiſe to fill thy ear;
Thy vain enquiry can at length but find
A blaſt of murm'ring wind:
It is a cask, that ſeems as full, as fair,
But meerly tunn'd with air;
Fond youth, go build thy hopes on better grounds:
The ſoul that vainly founds
Her joys upon this world but feeds on empty ſounds.

2

She's empty: hark, ſhe ſounds: there nothing in't,
The ſpark-ingendring flint
Shall ſooner melt, and hardeſt raunce ſhall firſt
Diſſolve and quench thy thirſt,
E're this falſe world ſhall ſtill thy ſtormy breaſt
With ſmooth-fac'd calms of reſt?
Thou mayſt as well expect Meridian light
From ſhades of black-mouth'd night,
As in this empty world to find a full delight.

3

She's empty: hark, she sounds; 'tis void and vast;
What if some flatt'ring blast
Of flatuous honour should perchance be there,
And whisper in thine ear?
It is but wind, and blows but where it list,
And vanisheth like a mist.
Poor honour earth can give! What gen'rous mind
Would be so base to bind
Her Heav'n-bred soul a slave to serve a blast of wind?

4

She's empty: hark, she sounds: 'tis but a ball
For fools to play withall:
The painted film but of a stronger bubble,
That's lin'd with silken trouble:
It is a world, whose work and recreation
Is vanity and vexation;
A Hag, repair'd with vice complexion paint,
A quest-house of complaint:
It is a saint, a fiend, worse fiend, when most a saint.

5

She's empty: hark, she sounds: 'tis vain and void,
What's here to be enjoy'd
But grief and sickness, and large bills of sorrow,
Drawn now, and cross'd to morrow?
Or what are men, but puffs of dying breath,
Reviv'd with living death?
Fond lad, O build thy hopes on surer grounds
Then what dull flesh propounds:
Trust not this hollow world, she's empty: hark, she sounds.

S. CHRYS.

S. CHRYS. in Ep. ad Heb.

Contemn riches, and thou ſhalt be rich; contemn glory and thou ſhalt be glorious; contemn injuries, and thou ſhalt be a conqueror; contemn reſt, and thou ſhalt gain reſt; contemn earth, and thou ſhalt find Heaven.

HUGO lib. de Vanit. mundi.

The world is a vanity which affordeth neither beauty to the amorous, nor reward to the laborious, nor encouragement to the induſtrious.

EPIG. 10.

This Houſe is to be let for life or years;
Her rent is ſorrow, and her Income tears:
Cupid, 't has long ſtood void; her bills make known,
She muſt be dearly let; or let alone.

XI.

Erras hac itur ad illam

XI:

MATTH. 7. 14.

Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

PRepost'rous fool, thou troul'ſt amiſs;
Thou err'ſt; that's not the way, 'tis this:
Thy hopes inſtructed by thine eye,
Make thee appear more near than I;
My flower is not ſo flat, ſo fine,
And has more obvious rubs then thine:
'Tis true my way is hard and ſtrait,
And leads me through a thorny gate:
Whoſe rankling pricks are ſharp and fell;
The Common way to Heav'n's by hell:
'Tis true; thy path is ſhort and fair,
And free from rubs: Ah, fool beware,
The ſafeſt road's not always ev'n;
The way to Hell's a ſeeming Heav'n:
Think'ſt thou the Crown of Glory's had
With idle eaſe, fond Cyprian lad?
Think'ſt thou, that mirth, and vain delights
High feed, and ſhadow-ſhortning nights,
Soft knees, full bones and beds of down,
Are proper prologues to a Crown?
Or canſt thou hope to come and view.
Like proſperous *Cæſar*, and ſubdue?
The bondſlave Uſurer will trudge
In ſpight of Gout's will turn a drudge,
And ſerve his ſoul condemning purſe,
T'increaſe it with the widows curſe:

And ſhall the crown of glory ſtand
Not worth the waving of an hand
The fleſhly wanton to obtain
His minute-luſt, will count it gain
To looſe his freedom, his eſtate,
Upon ſo dear, ſo ſweet a rate;
Shall pleaſures thus be priz'd, and muſt
Heav'ns Palm be cheaper than a luſt?
The true-bred ſpark, to hoiſe his name
Upon the waxen wings of fame,
Will fight undaunted in a floud
That's rais'd with brakiſh drops and blood
And ſhall the promis'd crown of life
Be thought a toy, not worth a ſtrife?
An enſie good brings eaſie gains;
But things of price are bought with pains:
The pleaſing way is not the right:
He that would conquer Heav'n muſt fight.

S. HIERON

S. HIERON. in Ep.

No labour is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of Eternity is the mark we level at.

S. GREG. lib. 8. Mor.

The valour of a just man is to conquer the flesh, to contradict his own will, to quench the delights of this present life, to endure and love the miseries of this world for the reward of a better, to contemn the flatteries of prosperity, and inwardly to overcome the fears of adversity.

EPIG. 11.

O *Cupid*, if thy smoother way were right,
I should mistrust this Crown were counterfeit:
The way's not easie where the Prize is great:
I hope no virtues, where I smell no sweat.

XII.

In cruce stat securus amor.

XII.

GALAT. 6: 14.

God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross.

1

CAn nothing settle my uncertain breast,
And fix my rambling love?
Can my affections find out nothing best?
But still and still remove?
Has earth no mercy? Will no Ark of rest
Receive my restless Dove?
Is there no good, than which there's nothing higher,
To bless my full desire
With joys that never change; with joys that ne'r expire.

2

I wanted wealth; and at my dear request,
Earth lent a quick supply;
I wanted mirth to charm my sullen breast;
And who more brisk than I?
I wanted fame to glorifie the rest;
My fame flew eagle-high:
My joy not fully ripe, but all decay'd;
Wealth vanish'd like a shade,
My mirth began to flag, my fame began to fade.

3

The world's an Ocean, hurried too and fro
With ev'ry blast of passion:

Her luſtful ſtreams, when either ebb or flow,
Are tides of mans vexation:
They alter daily, and they daily grow
The worſe by alteration:
The earth's a cask full tunn'd, yet wanting meaſure;
Her precious wine is pleaſure;
Her yeſt is honours puff; her lees are worldly treaſure.

4

My truſt is in the Croſs: let beauty flag
Her looſe, her wanton ſail;
Let count'nance-guilding honour ceaſe to brag
In courtly terms, and vail;
Let ditch-bred wealth henceforth forget to wag
Her baſe, though golden tail;
Falſe beauties conqueſt, is but real loſs,
And wealth, but golden droſs;
Beſt honour's but a blaſt: my truſt is in the Croſs.

5

My truſt is in the croſs: There lies my reſt;
My faſt, my ſole delight:
Let cold-mouch'd Boreas, or the hot mouth'd Eaſt
Blow till they burſt with ſpight:
Let earth and Hell conſpire their worſt, their beſt,
And joyn their twiſted might;
Let ſhowrs of thunder-bolts dart down, and wound me
And troops of friends ſurround me,
All this may well confront; all this ſhall ne'r confound me.

S. AUG.

S. AUGUST.

Christ's Crosse is the Christcrosse of all our happinesse: It delivers us from all blindnesse of error, and enriches our darknesse with light; it restoreth the troubled soul to rest; It bringeth strangers to Gods acquaintance: It maketh remote forreigners near neighbours; it cutteth off discord; concludeth a league of everlasting peace; and is the bounteous author of all good.

S. BERN. in Ser. de Resur.

We find glory in the Crosse; to us that are saved, it is the power of God, and the fulnesse of all vertues.

EPIG. 12.

I follow'd rest, rest fled and soon forsook me;
I ran from grief, grief ran and overtook me.
What shall I do? lest I be too much tost
On worldly crosses, Lord, let me be crost.

XIII.

Post Vulnera Dæmon

XIII.

PROV. 26. 11.

As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly.

O I am wounded! and my wounds do smart
Beyond my patience, or great *Chiron*'s art;
I yeild, I yeild; the day, the Palm is thine;
Thy bow's more true; thy shaft's more fierce than mine.
Hold, hold, O hold thy conqu'ring hand. What need
To send more darts? the first has done the deed;
Oft have we struggled, when our equal arms
Shot equal shafts, inflicted equal harms;
But this exceeds, and with her flaming head,
Twy-fork'd with death, has struck my conscience dead.
But must I die? Ah me! if that were all,
Then, then I'd stroke my bleeding wounds, and call
This dart a cordial, and with joy endure
These harsh ingredients, where my grief's my cure.
But something whispers in my dying ear,
There is an after-day; which day I fear:
The slender debt to Nature's quickly paid,
Discharg'd perchance with greater ease than made;
But if that pale-fac'd Sergeant make arrest,
Ten thousand actions would (whereof the least
Is more than all this lower world can bail)
Be entred, and condemn me to the Jail
Of Stygian darkness, bound in red hot chains,
And grip'd with tortures worse than Titian pains.
Farewel my vain, farewel my loose delights;
Farewel my rambling days, my rev'ling nights;

'Twas

'Twas you betray'd me firſt, and when ye found
My ſoul advantage, gave my ſoul the wound:
Farewel my bullion gods, whoſe ſovereign looks
So often catch'd me with their golden hooks:
Go ſeek another ſlave; ye muſt all go;
I cannot ſerve my God and Bullion too.
Farewel falſe honour; you, whoſe airy wings
Did mount my ſoul above the thrones of Kings;
Then flatter'd me, took pet, and in diſdain,
Nipt my green buds: then kick'd me down again:
Farewel my bow; farewel my Cyprian Quiver;
Farewel dear world, farewel dear world for ever.
O, but this moſt delicious world, how ſweet
Her pleaſures reliſh! Ah! How jump they meet
The graſping ſoul, and with their ſprighly fire,
Revive, and raiſe, and rowze the wrapt deſire!
For ever? O, to part ſo long? what? never
Meet more? another year, and then for ever:
Too quick reſolves do reſolution wrong;
What, part ſo ſoon, to be divorc'd ſo long?
Things to be done are long to be debated;
Heav'n is not decay'd. Repentance is not dated.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. lib. de util. agen. pœn.

Go up my soul into the tribunal of thy Conscience: there set thy guilty self before thy self: Hide not thy self behind thy self, lest God bring thee forth before thy self.

S. AUGUST. in Solilcq.

In vain is that washing, where the next sin defileth: He hath ill repented, whose sins are repeated: that stomach is the worse for vomiting, that licketh up his vomit.

ANSELM.

God hath promised pardon to him that repenteth, but he hath not promised repentance to him that sinneth.

EPIG. 13.

Brain-wounded *Cupid*, had this hafty dart,
As it hath prick'd thy fancy, pierc'd thy heart,
'T had been thy friend: O how hath it deceiv'd thee!
For had this dart but kill'd, this dart had sav'd thee.

XIV.

Post lapsum fortius esto. 116

XIV.

PROV. 24. 16.

A just man falleth seven times, and riseth up again, but the wicked shall fall into mischief.

1

'Tis but a foil at best, and that's the most
Your skill can boast:
My slipp'ry footing fail'd me; and you tript
Just as I slipt:
My wanton weakness did her self betray
With too much play:
I was too bold, He never yet stood sure:
That stands secure:
Who ever trusted to his native strength,
But fell at length?
The title's craz'd, the tenure is not good,
That claims by th' evidence of flesh and blood.

2

Boast not thy skill, the righteous man falls oft,
Yet falls but soft:
There may be dirt to mire him, but no stones
To crush his bones:
What if he staggers? Nay, put case he be
Foil'd on his knee?
That very knee will bend to Heav'n, and woo
For mercy too.
The true-bred Gamester ups a fresh, and then,
Falls to't agen;
Whereas the leaden-hearted coward lies,
And yields his conquer'd life, or craven'd dies.

Boast

3

Boast not thy Conqueſt; thou that ev'ry hour
Fall'ſt ten-times lower,
Nay, haſt not pow'r to riſe, if not, in caſe,
To fall more baſe:
Thou wallow'ſt where I ſlip; and thou doſt tumble,
Where I but ſtumble:
Thou glory'ſt in thy ſlav'ries dirty badges,
And fall'ſt for wages:
Sowr grief and ſad repentance ſcowrs and clears
My ſtains with tears:
Thy falling keeps thy falling ſtill in ure;
But when I ſlip, I ſtand the more ſecure.

4

Lord, what a nothing is this little ſpan,
We call a Man!
What ſenny traſh maintains the ſmoth'ring fires
Of his deſires!
How ſlight and ſhort are his reſolves at longeſt!
How weak at ſtrongeſt!
O if a ſinner held by that faſt hand,
Can hardly ſtand,
Good God! in what a deſp'rate caſe are they?
That have no ſtay!
Man's ſtate implies a neceſſary curſe; (worſe.
When not himſelf, he's mad; when moſt himſelf, he's

S. AMBROS.

S. AMBROS in Ser. ad vincula.

Peter stood more firmly after he had lamented his fall than before he fell. Insomuch that he found more grace than he lost grace.

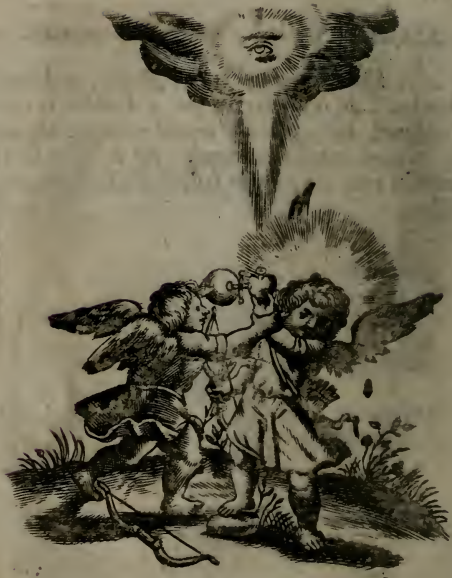
S. CHRYS. in Ep. ad Heliod. monach.

It is no such hainous matter to fall afflicted, as being down to lie dejected. It is no danger for a Souldier to receive a wound in battel, but after the wound received, through despair of recovery to refuse a remedy; for we often see wounded Champions wear the palm at last, and after fight, crowned with victory.

EPIG. 14.

Triumph not *Cupid*, his mischance doth show
Thy trade; doth once, what thou dost always do:
Brag not too soon: has thy prevailing hand
Foil'd him? Ah fool, th' hast taught him how to stand.

XV.



Putet æthereæ; clauditur orbi.

XV.

JER. 32. 40.

I will put fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me.

SO, now the Soul's sublim'd; her sow'r desires
Are recalcin'd in heaven's well temp'red fires:
The heart restor'd and purg'd from drossie nature,
Now finds the freedom of a new-born creature:
It lives another life, it breaths new breath;
It neither fears nor feels the sting of death.
Like as the idle vagrant (having none)
That boldly 'dopts, each house he views, his own;
Makes ev'ry purse his chequer; and at pleasure,
Walks forth and taxes all the world like *Cæsar*;
At length by vertue of a just command,
His sides are lent to a severer hand;
Whereon his Pass, not fully understood,
Is taxed in a manuscript of blood;
Thus past from town to town; until he come
A sore repentant to his native home:
Ev'n so the rambling heart, that idly roves
From crimes to sin, and uncontrol'd removes
From lust to lust, when wanton flesh invites
From old-worn pleasures to new choice delights,
At length corrected by the filial rod
Of his offended (but his gracious God)
And lash'd from sins to sighs; and by degrees,
From sighs to vows, from vows to bended knees;
From bended knees to a true pensive breast;
From thence to torments, not by tongue expreſt,

Returns; (and from his sinful self exil'd)
Finds a glad father, he a welcome child:
O then it lives; O then it lives involv'd
In secret raptures; pants to be dissolv'd:
The royal Off-spring of a second Birth
Sets ope to Heav'n, and shuts the door to earth:
If love-sick *Jove* commanded clouds should hap
To rain such show'rs as quickned *Danae*'s lap:
Or Dogs (far kinder than their purple master)
Should lick his sores, he laughs, nor weeps the faster
If earth (Heav'ns rival) dart her idle ray;
To Heav'n, 'tis wax, and to the world, 'tis clay:
If earth present delights, it scorns to draw,
But like the jet unrub'd, disdains that straw:
No hope deceives it, and no doubt divides it;
No grief disturbs it; and no errour guides it;
No guilt condemns, and no folly shames it;
No sloth besots it; and no lust enthralls it;
No scorn afflicts it, and no passion gawls it:
It is a cark'net of immortal life;
An Ark of peace; the lifts of sacred strife;
A purer piece of endless transitory;
A shrine of Grace, a little throne of Glory:
A Heav'n born Off-spring of a new-born birth;
An earthly Heav'n; an ounce of Heav'nly earth.

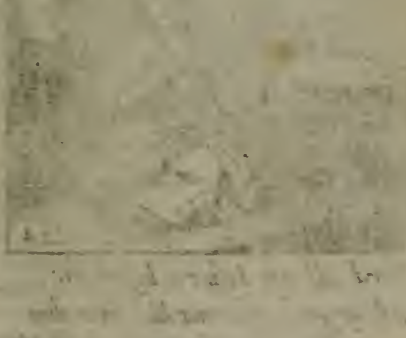
S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. de Spir. & Anima.

O happy heart, where piety affecteth, where humility subjects, where repentance correcteth, where obedience directeth, where perseverance perfecteth, where power protecteth, where devotion projecteth, where charity connecteth.

S. GREG.

Which way soever the heart turneth it self (if carefully) it shall commonly observe, that in those very things we lose God, in those very things we shall find God: It shall find the heat of his power in consideration of those things, in the love of which things he was most cold, and by what things it fell, perverted, by those things it is raised, converted.



EPIG. 15.

My heart! But wherefore do I call thee so?
I have renounc'd my int'rest long ago:
When thou wer't false and fleshly, I was thine;
Mine wert thou never, till thou wert not mine.

Lord all my desire is before the
and my groaning is not hid from thee
Ps. 30

THE
THIRD BOOK.

The Entertainment.

ALL you whose better thoughts are newly born,
And (rebaptiz'd with holy fire) can scorn
The worlds base trash, whose necks disdain to bear
Th' imperious yoke of Satan; whose chast ear
No wanton Songs of Syrens can surprize
With false delight; whose more then Eagle-eyes
Can view the glorious flames of gold, and gaze
On glitt'ring beams of honour, and do not daze;
Whose souls can spurn at pleasure, and deny
The loose suggestions of the flesh, draw nigh:
And you whose am'rous, whose select desires
Would feel the warmth of those transcendent fires,
Which (like the rising Sun) put out the light
Of *Venus* star, and turn her day to night;
You that would love, and have your passions crown'd
With greater happiness, than can be found
In your own wishes; you that would affect
Where neither scorn, nor guile, nor disrespect
Shall wound your tortur'd souls; that would enjoy,
Where neither want can pinch, nor fulness cloy,
Nor double doubt afflicts, nor baser fear
Unflames your courage in pursuit, draw near,
Shake hands with earth, and let your soul respect
Her joys no further, than her joys reflect
Upon her makers glory; if thou swim
In wealth, see him in all; see all in him:

Sink'ſt thou in want, and is thy ſmall cruſe ſpent?
See him in want: enjoy him in content:
Conceiv'ſt him lodg'd in Croſs, or loft in pain?
In Pray'r and Patience find him out again:
Make Heav'n thy Miſtriſs, let no change remove
Thy loyal heart, be fond; be ſick of love:
What if he ſtop his ear, or knit his brow?
At length he'll be as fond, as ſick as thou:
Dart up thy ſoul in groans: Thy ſecret groan
Shall pierce his ear, ſhall pierce his ear alone:
Dart up thy ſoul in vows: Thy ſacred vow
Shall find him out, where Heav'n alone ſhall know:
Dart up thy ſoul in ſighs: Thy whiſp'ring ſigh
Shall rouſe his ears, and fear no liſtner nigh:
Send up thy groans, thy ſighs, thy cloſet-vow;
Ther's none, ther's none ſhall know but Heav'n and thou:
Groans freſh'd with vows, and vows made ſalt with tears,
Unſcale his eyes, and ſcale his conquer'd ears:
Shoot up the boſome-ſhafts of thy deſire,
Feather'd with faith, and double-fork'd with fire.
And they will hit: Fear not, where Heav'n bids come:
Heavn's never deaf, but when man's heart is dumb.

I.

My Soul hath desired thee in the night
126 *Esay. 26*

I.

ISAIAH 26. 6.

My Soul hath desired thee in the night.

GOod God? what horrid darkness doth surround
My groping soul! how are my senses bound
In utter shades: and muffled from the light,
Lurk in the bosom of eternal night!
The bold-fac'd Lamp of Heav'n can set and rise;
And with his morning glory fill the eyes
Of gazing mortals; his victorious ray
Can chase the shadows, and restore the day:
Nights bashful Empress, though she often wain,
As oft repents her darkness, primes again;
And with her circling horns doth re embrace
Her brothers wealth, and orbs her silver face.
But ah, my Sun deep swallow'd in his fall,
Is set and cannot shine, nor rise at all:
My bankrupt wain can beg nor borrow light;
Alas, my darkness is perpetual night,
Falls have their risings, wainings have their primes,
And desp'rate sorrows wait their better times;
Ebs have their Flouds, and Autumns have their Springs:
All States have changes hurried with the swings
Of Chance and Time, still riding to and fro:
Terrestrial bodies, and celestial too.
How often have I vainly grop'd about,
With length'ned arms to find a passage out,
That I might catch those beams mine eye desires,
And bathe my soul in those celestial fires?
Like as the haggard, cloistered in her mew,
To scowr her downy robes, and to renew

Her

Her broken flags, preparing t'overlook
The tim'rous Mallard at the sliding brook,
Jets oft from perch to perch; from stock to ground,
From ground to window, thus surveying round
Her Dove befeather'd Prison, till at length
(Calling her noble birth to mind, and strength
Whereto her wing was born) her ragged beak
Nipps off her jangling jesses, strives to break
Her gingling fetters, and begins to bate
At ev'ry glimpse, and darts at ev'ry grate:
Ev'n so my weary soul, that long has bin
An Inmate in this Tenement of sin,
Lock'd up by cloud-brow'd Error, which invites
My cloist'red thoughts to feed on black delights,
Now scorns her shadows, and begins to dart
Her wing'd desires at thee, that only art
The Sun she seeks, whose rising beams can fright
These duskie-clouds that make so dark a night:
Shine forth great Glory, shine; that I may see
Both how to loath my self, and honour Thee:
But if my weakness force thee to deny
Thy flames, yet lend the twilight of thine eye:
If I must want those Beams; I wish, yet grant,
That I, at least, may wish those Beams, I want.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. cap. 32.

There was a great dark cloud of vanity before mine eyes, so that I could not see the Sun of Justice & the Light of Truth: I being the son of darkness, was involved in darkness: I loved my darkness, because I knew not thy light: I was blind, and loved my blindness, and did walk from darkness to darkness: But Lord thou art my God, who hast led me from darkness and the shadow of death; hast called me into this glorious light, and behold, I see.

EPIG. 1.

My soul, chear up; what if the night be long,
Heav'n finds an ear, when sinners find a tongue;
Thy tears are morning show'rs: Heav'n bids me say,
When *Peter*'s cock begins to crow, 'tis day.

II.

O Lord thou knowest my foolishnesse and my Sinns are not hid from thee Ps: 69. 5.

II.

PSAL 69. 3.

O Lord, thou knoweſt my fooliſhneſs, and my ſins are not hid from thee.

SEeſt thou this fulſom Ideot? in what meaſure
He ſeems tranſported with the antick pleaſure
Of childiſh baubles? Canſt thou but admire
The empty fulneſs of his vain deſire?
Canſt thou conceive ſuch poor delights, as theſe
Can fill th' inſatiate ſoul of man, or pleaſe
The fond aſpect of his deluded eye?
Reader, ſuch very fools are thou and I:
Falſe puffs of honour; the deceitful ſtreams
Of wealth; the idle, vain and empty dreams
Of pleaſure, are our traffick, and enſnare
Our ſouls, the threefold ſubject of our care;
We toil for traſh, we barter ſolid joys
For aiery trifles, ſell our Heav'n for toys:
We knatch at barly grains, whilſt pearls ſtand by
Deſpis'd; ſuch very fools are thou and I.
Aim'ſt thou at honour? Does not th'Ideot ſhake it
In his left hand? Fond man, ſtep forth and take it:
Or would'ſt thou wealth? ſee now the fool preſents thee
With a full basket, if ſuch wealth contents thee:
Would'ſt thou take pleaſure? if the fool unſtride
His prancing Stallion, thou maiſt up and ride:
Fond man, ſuch is the pleaſure, wealth, and honour
The earth affords ſuch fools, as dote upon her;
Such is the game whereat earth's Ideots flie;
Such Ideots, ah! ſuch fools are thou and I:

Had

Had rebel-man's fool-hardineſs extended
No farther than himſelf, and there had ended,
It had been juſt; but thus enrag'd to fly
Upon the eternal eyes of Majeſty,
And drag the Son of Glory from the breaſt
Of his indulgent Father; to arreſt
His great and ſacred Perſon: in diſgrace
To ſpit and ſpaul upon his Sun-bright-face;
To taunt him with baſe terms; and being bound
To ſcourge his ſoft, his trembling ſides; to wound
His head with thorns; his heart with human fears;
His hands with nails, and his pale flank with ſpears:
And then to paddle in the purer ſtream
Of his ſpilt blood, is more, than moſt extreme:
Great builder of Mankind, canſt thou propound
All this to thy bright eyes, and not co-found
Thy handy work? O! Canſt thou chooſe but ſee,
That mad'ſt the eye? Can ought be hid from thee?
Thou ſeeſt our perſons, Lord, and not our guilt;
Thou ſeeſt not, what thou maiſt, but what thou wilt:
The hand that form'd us is enforc'd to be
A Screen ſet up betwixt thy work and thee:
Look, look upon that Hand, and thou ſhalt ſpie
An open wound, a through-fare for thine eye;
Or if that wound be clos'd, that paſſage be
Deny'd between thy gracious eyes and me,
Yet view the ſcar; that ſcar will countermand
Thy wrath: O read my fortune in thy hand.

S. CHRYS.

S. CHRYS. Hom. 4. Joan.

Fools seem to abound in wealth, when they want all things; they seem to enjoy happiness, when indeed they are only most miserable; neither do they understand that they are deluded by their fancy, till they be delivered from their folly.

S. GREG. in Mor.

By so much the more are we inwardly foolish, by how much we strive to seem outwardly wise.

EPIG. 2.

Rebellious fool, what has thy folly done?
Controll'd thy God, and crucifi'd his Son?
How sweetly has the Lord of life deceiv'd thee? (thee?
Thou shedd'st his blood, and that shed blood has sav'd

III.

Have mercy on me O Lord for I am weake
O L^d heale me for my bones are vexed Ps: 62.
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III.

PSALM. 6. 2.

Have mercy Lord, upon me, for I am weak;
O Lord, heal me, for my bones are vexed.

Soul. *Jesus.*

Soul. AH, Son of *David.* help: *Jes.* What sinful crie
Implores the Son *David?* *Soul,* It is I.
Jes. Who art thou? *Soul.* Oh, a deeply wounded breast
That's heavy laden and would fain have rest.
Jes. I have no scraps, and dogs must not be fed
Like houshold children, with the childrens bread.
Soul. True, Lord; yet tolerate a hungry whelp
To lick their crumbs: O Son of *David,* help.
Jes. Poor Soul, what ail'st thou? *Soul.* O I burn, I fry,
I cannot rest, I know not where to fly
To find some ease; I turn'd my blubber'd face
From man to man; I roll from place to place
T'avoid my tortures, to obtain relief,
But still am dogg'd and hunted with my grief:
My mid-night torments call the sluggish light
And when the morning's come, they woo the night.
Jes. Surcease thy tears, and speak thy free desires (fires
So. Quench, quench my flames, and swage those scorching
Jes. Canst thou believe, my hand can cure thy grief?
Soul. Lord, I believe; Lord, help my unbelief.
Jes. Hold forth thine arm and let my fingers try
Thy pulse; where chiefly doth thy torment lie;
Soul. From head to foot; it reigns in ev'ry part,
But plays the self-law'd tyrant in my heart.

Jef. Canſt thou digeſt? Canſt reliſh wholſom food?
How ſtands the taſt? *Soul.* To nothing that is good:
All ſinful traſh, and earths unſav'ry ſtuff
I can digeſt, and reliſh well enough.

Jeſus. Is not thy blood as cold as hot, by turns?

Soul. Cold to what's good; to what is bad it burns!

Jeſus. How old's thy grief? *Soul.* I took it at the fall
With eating fruit. *Jef.* 'Tis Epidemical:
Thy blood's infected, and th' infection ſprung
From a bad liver: 'Tis a feaver ſtrong
And full of death, unleſs, with preſent ſpeed,
A vain be opened, thou muſt die, or bleed.

Soul. O I am faint and ſpent: that launce that ſhall
Let forth my blood, lets forth my life withal:
My ſoul wants cordials, and has greater need
Of blood, then (being ſpent ſo far) to bleed:
I faint already, if I bleed, I dy.

Jef. 'Tis either thou muſt bleed, ſick ſoul or I:
My blood's a cordial. He that ſucks my veins,
Shall cleanſe his own, and conquer greater pains
Then theſe: chear up; this precious blood of mine
Shall cure thy grief; my heart ſhall bleed for thine
Believe and view me with a faithful eye,
Thy ſoul ſhall neither languiſh, bleed nor die.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. lib. 10. Confefs.

Lord, be merciful unto me : Ah me: Behold, I hide not my wounds : Thou art a Phyfician, and I am ſick; Thou art merciful, and I am miſerable.

S. GREG. in Paſtoral.

O Wiſdom, with how ſweet an art doth thy wine and oyl reſtore health to my healthleſs ſoul! How powerfully merciful, how mercifully powerful art thou! Powerful for me, merciful to me!

EPIG. 3.

Canſt thou be ſick, and ſuch a Doctor by?
Thou canſt not live, unleſs thy Doctor dye!
Strange kind of grief, that finds no med'cine good
To ſwage her pains, but the Phyſicians blood!

IV.

Look upon my affliction, and misery and forgive me all my Sinns

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IV.

PSAL. 25. 18.

Look upon my affliction and my pain, and forgive all my sins.

BOth work and strokes? Both, lash and labour too?
What more could Edom, or proud Ashur do?
Stripes, after Stripes; and blows succeeding blows?
Lord, has thy scourge no mercy, and my woes
No end? My pains no ease? No intermission?
Is this the state? Is this the sad condition
Of those that trust thee? Will thy goodness please
T' allow no other favours? None but these?
Will not the Rhet'rick of my torments move?
Are these the symptomes, these the signs of love?
Is't not enough, enough that I fulfil
Thy toylsome task of thy laborious will?
May not this labour expiate and purge
My sin without the addition of a scourge?
Look on my cloudy brow, how fast it reins
Sad showers of sweat, the fruits of fruitless pains:
Behold these ridges; see what purple furrows
Thy plow has made; O think upon those sorrows
That once were thine; wilt thou not be woo'd
To mercy by the charms of sweat and blood?
Canst thou forget that drowsie mount, wherein
Thy dull Disciples sleep, was not my sin
There punish'd in my soul? did not this brow
Then sweat in thine? Were not those drops enow?
Remember Golgotha, where that spring-tide
O' reflow'd thy soverain Sacramental side:

There was no fin, there was no guilt in Thee,
That caus'd thoſe pains; thou ſweat'ſt, thou bledſt for me.
Was there not blood enough, when one ſmall drop
Had pow'r to ranſome thouſand worlds, and ſtop
The mouth of Juſtice? Lord, I bled before
In thy deep wounds; can Juſtice challenge more?
Or doſt thou vainly labour to hedge in
Thy loſſes from my ſides? My blood is thin,
And thy free bounty ſcorns ſuch eaſie thrift;
No, no, thy blood came not as love but gift.
But muſt I ever grind? And muſt I earn
Nothing but ſtripes? O wilt thou diſaltern
The reſt thou gav'ſt? Haſt thou perus'd the curſe
Thou laid'ſt on *Adam*'s fall, and made it worſe?
Canſt thou repent of mercy? Heav'n thought good
Loſt man ſhould feed in ſweat; not work in blood:
Why doſt thou wound th'already wounded breaſt?
Ah me! my life is but a pain at beſt:
I am but dying duſt: my day's a ſpan;
What pleaſure tak'ſt thou in the blood of man?
Spare, ſpare thy ſcourge, and be not ſo auſtere;
Send fewer ſtroaks, or lend more ſtrength to bear.

S. BERN. Hom. 81. in Cant.

Miserable man! Who shall deliver me from the reproach of this shameful boudage? I am a miserable man but a free man; free, because a man; miserable, because a servant: In regard of my bondage, miserable, in regard of my will, inexcusable: For my will, that was free, beslaved it self to sin, by assenting to sin; for he that committeth sin, is the servant to sin.

EPIG. 4.

Tax not thy God: Thine own defaults did urge
This two-fold punishment; the mill, the scourge.
Thy sin's the author of thy self-tormenting:
Thou grind'st for sinning; scourg'd for not repenting.

V.

Remember I beseech thee that thou hast made me as the Clay wilt thou bring me into dust againe: Iob 10.9

V.

JOB 10. 9.

Remember I beſeech thee, that thou haſt made me as the clay, and wilt thou bring me to duſt again?

THus from the boſom of the new made earth
Poor man was delv'd, and had his unborn birth;
The ſame the ſtuff, the ſelf ſame hand doth trim
The plant that fades, the beaſt that dies, and him:
One was their ſire, one was their common mother,
Plants are his ſiſters, and the beaſt his brother,
The elder too; beaſts draw the ſelf-ſame breath,
Wax old alike, and die the ſelf-ſame death:
Plants grow as he, with fairer robes arrai'd;
Alike they flouriſh, and alike they fade:
The beaſt in ſenſe exceeds him, and in growth,
The three-ag'd Oak doth thrice exceed them both:
Why look'ſt thou then ſo big, thou little ſpan
Of earth? what art thou more in being man?
I, but thy great Creator did inſpire
My choſen earth, with thy diviner fire
Of reaſon gave me judgment and a will:
That, to know good; this, to chooſe good from ill:
He puts the reigns of pow'r in my free hand,
And juriſdiction over Sea and Land,
He gave me art to lengthen out my ſpan
Of life, and made me all, in being man:
I, but thy paſſion has committed treaſon
Againſt the ſacred perſon of thy reaſon:
Thy judgment is corrupt, perverſe thy will;
That knows no good, and this makes choice of ill:

The

The greater height ſends down the deeper fall;
And good declin'd turns bad, turns worſt of all.
Say then, proud inch of living earth, what can
Thy greatneſs claim the more in being man?
O but my ſoul tranſcends the pitch of nature,
Born up by th' Image of her high Creator;
Out-braves the life of reaſon, and beats down
Her waxen wings, kicks off her brazen crown,
My heart's a living Temple t'entertain
The King of Glory, and his glorirus train;
How can I mend my title then? where can
Ambition find a higher ſtile than man?
Ah, but that Image is defac'd and ſoil'd;
Her Temple's raz'd, her Altars all defil'd;
Her Veſſels are polluted and diſtain'd
With cloathed luſt, her ornaments prophan'd;
Her oyl-forſaken lamps, and hallow'd tapours
Put out; her incenſe breaths unſav'ry vapours:
Why ſwell'ſt thou then ſo big, thou little ſpan
Of earth? what art thou more in being man?
Eternal Potter, whoſe bleſt hands did lay
My courſe foundation from a ſod of clay,
Thou know'ſt my ſlender veſſel's apt to leak;
Thou know'ſt my brittle temper's prone to break;
Are my bones brazil, or my fleſh of oak!
O, mend what thou haſt made, what I have broke:
Look, look with gentle eyes, and in thy day
Of vengeance, Lord, remember I am clay.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. 32.

Shall I ask, who made me? It was thou that madeſt me, without whom nothing was made: Thou art my maker, and I thy work. I thank thee, my Lord God, by whom I live, and by whom all things ſubſiſt, becauſe thou madeſt me: I thank thee, O my Potter, becauſe thy hands have made me, becauſe thy hands have formed me.

EPIG. 5.

Why ſwell'ſt thou, man, puft up with fame and purſe?
Th'art better earth, but born to dig the worſe:
Thou cam'ſt from earth, to earth thou muſt return,
And art but earth caſt from the womb to th'urn.

VI.

What shall I do vnto thee, O thou preserver of men why hast thou set me as a marke against thee. Iob 7. 20

VI.

JOB. 7. 20.

I have sinned: What shall I do unto thee, O thou preserver of Men? Why dost thou set me as a mark against thee?

LOrd, I have done; and Lord, I have misdone;
'Tis folly to conteſt, to ſtrive with one
That is too ſtrong; 'tis folly to aſſail
Or prove an arm, that will, that muſt prevail.
I've done, I've done; theſe trembling hands have thrown
Their daring weapons down: The day's thine own:
Forbear to ſtrike where thou haſt won the field.
The palm, the palm is thine: I yield, I yield.
Theſe treach'rous hands that were ſo vainly bold
To try a thriveleſs combat, and to hold
Self-wounding weapons up, are now extended
For mercy from thy hand; that knee that bended
Upon her guardleſs guard doth now repent
Upon his naked floor; See both are bent,
And ſue for pity: O my ragged wound
Is deep and deſp'rate, it is drench'd and drown'd
In blood and briny tears: It doth begin
To ſtink without, and putrifie within.
Let that victorious hand that now appears
Juſt in my blood, prove gracious to my tears:
Thou great preſerver of preſumptuous man,
What ſhall I do? what ſatisfaction can
Poor duſt and aſhes make? O if that blood
That yet remains unſhed, were half as good
As blood of oxen; if my death might be
An offering to attone my God and me,

I would disdain injurious life, and stand
A suiter to be wounded from thy hand.
But may thy wrongs be measur'd by the span
Of life? or balanc'd with the blood of man?
No, no, eternal sin expects for guerdon,
Eternal penance, or eternal pardon:
Lay down thy weapons, turn thy wrath away,
And pardon him that hath no price to pay;
Enlarge that soul, which base presumption binds;
Thy justice cannot loose what mercy finds:
O thou that wilt not bruise the broken reed,
Rub not my sores, nor prick the wounds that bleed.
Lord, if the peevish infant fights and flies,
With unpar'd weapons, at his mothers eyes.
Her frowns (half mix'd with smiles) may chance to shew
An angry love-trick on his arm, or so;
Where if the Babe but make a lip and cry,
Her heart begins to melt, and by and by
She coaks his dewy-cheeks; her babe she blisses,
And choaks her language with a thousand kisses;
I am that child; Lo, here I prostrate lye,
Pleading for mercy; I repent and cry
For gracious pardon: let thy gentle ears
Hear that in words, what mothers judge in tears:
See not my frailties, Lord, but through my fear,
And look on ev'ry trespass through a tear:
Then calm thy anger, and appear more mild;
Remember, th'art a Father, I a child.

S. BERN.

S. BERN. Ser. 21. in Cant.

Miserable man! Who shall deliver me from the reproach of this shameful bondage? I am a miserable man, but a free man: Free, because like to God; miserable, because against God: O keeper of mankind, why hast thou set me as a mark against thee? Thou hast set me, because thou hast not hindred me: It is just that thy enemy should be my enemy, and that he who repugneth thee, should repugn me: I who am against thee, am against my self.

EPIG. 6.

But form'd, and fight? But born, and then rebel?
How small a blast will make a bubble swell?
But dare the floor affront the hand that laid it?
So apt is dust to fly in's face that made it.

VII.

Wherefore hidest thou thy face, & holdest mee for thine Enemy. Iob: 13. 24

VII.

JOB 13. 24.

Wherefore hideſt thou my face, and holdeſt me for thine enemy?

WHy doſt thou ſhade thy lovely face? O why
Does that eclipſing hand ſo long, deny
The Sun-ſhine of my ſoul-enli'ving eye?

Without that *Light*, what light remains in me?
Thou art my *Life*, my *Way*, my *Light*, in Thee
I live, I move, and by thy beams I ſee:

Thou art my *Life*, If thou but turn away,
My life's a thouſand deaths: Thou art my *Way*:
Without thee, Lord, I travel not, but ſtray.

My *Light* thou art; without thy glorious ſight,
Mine eyes are darkned with perpetual night.
My God, thou art my *Way*, my *Life*, my *Light*.

Thou art my *Way*; I wander, if thou flie:
Thou art my *Light*; if hid how blind am I?
Thou art my *Life*; if thou withdraw, I die.

Mine eyes are blind and dark; I cannot ſee;
To whom or whither ſhould my darkneſs flee,
But to the *Light*? And who's that *Light* but Thee?

My path is loſt; my wandring ſteps do ſtray;
I cannot ſafely go, nor ſafely ſtay;
Whom ſhould I ſeek, but Thee, my *Path*, my *Way*?

O, I am dead: To whom shall I, poor I,
Repair? To whom shall my sad ashes fly
But *Life*? And where is *Life* but in thy eye?

And yet thou turn'st away thy face, and flie'st me;
And yet I sue for grace, and thou deny'st me;
Speak art thou angry, Lord, or only try'st me?

Unskreen those heav'nly lamps, or tell me why
Thou shad'st thy face? perhaps thou think'st no eye
Can view those flames and not drop down and die.

If that be all, shine forth and draw thee nigher;
Let me behold and die, for my desire
Is *Phœnix* like to perish in that fire.

Death conquer'd *Lazrus* was redeem'd by thee;
If I am dead, Lord, set deaths prisoner free;
Am I more spent, or stink I worse than he?

If my puft life be out, give leave to tine
My shameless snuff at that bright *Lamp* of thine;
O what's thy *Light*, the less for lightning mine?

If I have lost my *Path*, Great Shepherd, say,
Shall I still wander in a doubtful way?
Lord, shall a Lamb of *Isr'els* sheep-fold stray?

Thou art my Pilgrims *Path*, the blind man's *Eye*;
The dead man's *Life*; on thee my hopes rely;
If thou remove, I err; I grope; I die.

Disclose thy Sun-beams; close thy wings, and stay;
See, see how I am blind, and dead, and stray,
O thou that art my *Light*, my *Life*, my *Way*.

S. AUG.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. cap. 1.

Why dost thou hide thy face? Happily thou wilt say, none can see thy face and live: Ah Lord, let me die, that I may see thee, let me see thee that I may die: I would not live, but die; that I may see Christ, I desire death; that I may live with Christ, I despise life.

ANSELM. Med. cap. 5.

O excellent hiding, which is become my perfection! My God thou hidest thy treasure, to kindle my desire: Thou hidest thy pearl, to inflame the seeker; thou delay'st to give, that thou mayst teach me to importune; seem'st not to hear, to make me persevere.

EPIG. 7.

If heav'ns all quickning Eyes vouchsafe to shine
Upon our souls, we slight; if not, we whine:
Our Equinoctial hearts can never lie
Secure, beneath the Tropicks of that eye:

VIII.

O that mu Head were waters, and mine eyes a fountaine o teares

VIII.

JER. 9. 1.

O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I may weep day and night.

O That mine eyes were ſprings, and could transform
Their drops to ſeas? My ſighs into a ſtorm
Of Zeal, and ſacred violence, wherein
This lab'ring veſſel laden with her ſin,
Might ſuffer ſudden ſhipwrack, and be ſpilt
Upon that Rock, where my drench'd ſoul may ſit
Orewhelm'd with plenteous paſſion; O and there
Drop, Drop, into an everlaſting tear!
Ah me! That ev'ry ſliding vein that wanders
Through this vaſt Iſle, did work her wild Meanders
In brackiſh tears inſtead of blood, and ſwell
This fleſh with holy Dropſies, from whoſe Well,
Made warm with ſighs, may ſume my wafting breath
Whilſt I diſſolve in ſtreams, and reek to death!
Theſe narrow ſluces of my dribling eyes
Are much too ſtreight for thoſe quick ſprings that riſe
And hourly fill my Temples to the top;
I cannot ſhed for ev'ry ſin a drop;
Great builder of mankind, why haſt thou ſent,
Such ſwelling floods, and made ſo ſmall a vent?
O that this fleſh had been compos'd of ſnow,
Inſtead of earth; and bones of ice, that ſo,

Feeling the fervor of my sin; and loathing
The fire I feel, I might be thaw'd to nothing!
O thou that didst, with hopeful joy, entomb
Me thrice three Moons in thy laborious womb,
And then with joyful pain, brought'st forth a Son,
What worth thy labour has thy labour done?
What was there? Ah! What was there in my birth
That could deserve the easiest smile of mirth?
A man was born: Alas, and what's a man?
A scuttle full of dust, a measur'd span
Of flitting time; a furnish'd Pack, whose wares
Are sullen griefs, and soul tormenting Cares:
A vale of tears, a vessel tunn'd with breath,
By sickness broacht to be drawn out by death:
A hapless helpless thing; that, born does cry
To feed that feeds to live, that lives to die.
Great God and Man, whose eye, spent drops so often
For me that cannot weep enough; O soften
These marble brains, and strike this flinty rock;
Or, if the musick of thy *Peters* Cock
Will more prevail, fill, fill my hearkning ears
With that sweet sound, that I may melt in tears!
I cannot weep until thou broach mine eye;
Or give me vent, or else I burst, and die.

S. AMBROS.

S. AMBROS in Pſal. 118.

He that commits ſins to be wept for, cannot weep for ſins committed: And being himſelf moſt lamentable hath no tears to lament his offences.

NAZIANZ. Orat. 3.

Tears are the deluge of ſin, and the worlds ſacrifice.

S. HIERON. in Eſaiam.

Prayer appeaſes God, but a tear compels him: That moves him, but this conſtrains him.

EPIG. 8.

Earth is an Iſland ported round with Fears;
Thy way to Heav'n is through the Sea of tears.
It is a ſtormy paſſage, where is found
The wrack of many a ſhip, but no man drown'd.

IX.

The ſorrowes of hell haue encompaſſed me
he ſnares of death haue ouertaken me pſa.

IX.

PSALM 18. 5.

The ſorrows of hell compaſſed me about, and the ſnares of death prevented me.

IS not this Type well cut? In ev'ry part
Full of rich cunning? Fil'd with Zeuxian Art?
Are not the Hunters, and their Stygian Hounds
Limm'd full to th' life? Didſt ever hear the ſounds
The muſick, and the lip divideth breaths
Of the ſtrong winded Horn, Recheats, and deaths,
Done more exact? Th' infernal Nimrods hollow?
The lawleſs purlieus? And the Game they follow?
The hidden Engines, and the ſnares that lie
So undiſcover'd, ſo obſcure to th' eye?
The new-drawn net, and her intangled Prey?
And him that cloſes it? Beholder, ſay,
Is't not well done? ſeems not an em'lous ſtrife
Betwixt the rare cut picture and the life?
Theſe purliew men are Devils? and the hounds,
(Thoſe quick-nos'd Canibals, that ſcour the grounds)
Temptations and the Game, the Fiends purſue;
Are human ſouls, which ſtill they have in view;
Whoſe fury if they chance to ſcape, by flying
The skilful Hunter plants his net clooſe lying
On th'unſuſpected earth, baited with treaſure,
Ambitious honour, and ſelf waſting pleaſure:
Where, if the ſoul but ſtoop, death ſtands prepar'd
To draw the net, and drown, the ſoul's enſnar'd.

Poor

Poor soul! how art thou hurried too and fro?
Where canst thou safely stay? where safely go?
If stay; these hot-mouth'd Hounds are apt to tear thee,
If go: the snares enclose, the nets ensnare thee:
What good in this bad world has pow'r t'invite thee
A willing Guest? wherein can earth delight thee?
Here pleasures are but itch: Her wealth, but Cares:
A world of Dangers, and a world of snares:
The close pursuers busie hands do plant
Snares in thy substance; Snares attend thy want;
Snares in thy credit; Snares in thy disgrace;
Snares in thy high estate; Snares in thy base;
Snares tuck thy bed; and Snares surround thy boord;
Snares watch thy thoughts; and Snares attach thy word;
Snares in thy quiet; Snares in thy commotion;
Snares in thy diet; Snares in thy devotion;
Snares lurk in thy resolves, Snares in thy doubt,
Snares lie within thy heart, and Snares without,
Snares are above thy head, and Snares beneath,
Snares in thy sickness, Snares are in thy death:
O, if these purliews be so full of danger,
Great God of hearts, the worlds sole sov'raign Ranger,
Preserve thy Deer, and let my soul be blest
In thy safe Forrest, where I seek for rest:
Then let the Hell-hounds roar, I fear no ill,
Rouze me they may, but have no pow'r to kill.

S. AMBROS.

S. AMBROS. lib. 4. in cap. 4. in Lucæ.

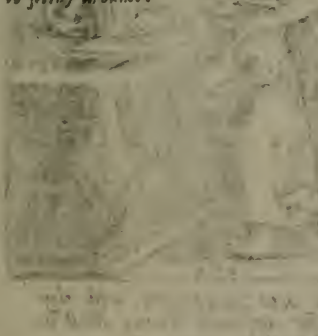
The reward of honours, the height of power, the delicacy of diet, and the beauty of an harlot are the snares of the Devil.

S. AMBROS. de bono mortis.

Whilst thou seekest pleasures, thou runnest into snares, for the eye of the harlot, is the snare of the Adulterer.

SAVANAR.

In eating he sets before us gluttony; in generation luxury: in labour slugglishness: in conversing, envy: in governing, covetousness; in correcting, anger: in honour, pride: in the heart, he sets evil thoughts: in the mouth, evil words: in actions, evil works: when awake, he moves us to evil actions: when asleep, to filthy dreams.



EPIG. 6.

Be sad, my Heart, Deep dangers wait thy mirth:
Thy soul's way-laid by Sea, by Hell, by Earth:
Hell has her hounds: Earth, snares: the Sea a shelf;
But most of all, my heart, beware thy self.

X.

Enter not into judgment with thy servant for no man liuing shall be iustified in thy sight

X.

PSALM 143. 2.

Enter not into judgment with thy servant, for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.

Jesus. *Justice.* *Sinner.*

Jes. BRing forth the pris'ner, Justice. *Ju.* Thy commands
Are done. just Judge: See here the pris'ner stands.
Jes. What has the pris'ner done? Say; what's the cause
Of his commitment? *Just.* He hath broken the laws
Of his too gracious God; conspir'd the death
Of that great Majesty that gave him breath,
And heaps transgression, Lord, upon transgression.
Jes. How know'st thou this? *Ju.* Ev'n by his own confes-
His sins are crying: and they cry'd aloud! (sion:
They cry'd to heav'n, they cry'd to heav'n for blood.
Jes. What say'st thou sinner? hast thou ought to plead,
That sentence should not pass? hold up thy head,
And shew thy brazen, thy rebellious face.
Sin. Ah me! I dare not: I'm too vile and base
To tread upon the earth, much more, to lift
Mine eyes to heav'n; I need no other shrift
Than mine own conscience; Lord, I must confess,
I am no more than dust, and no whit less
Than my indictment stiles me; Ah, if thou
Search too severe, with too severe a brow,
What flesh can stand? I have transgrest thy laws;
My merits plead thy vengeance; not my cause:

Just.

Juſt. Lord, ſhall I ſtrike the blow? *Jeſ.* Hold, Juſtice.
Sinner, ſpeak on; what haſt thou more to ſay? (ſtay
Sin. Vile as I am, and of my ſelf abhorr'd,
I am thy handy-work, thy creature, Lord,
Stampt with thy glorious Image, and at firſt,
Moſt like to thee, though now a poor accurſt
Convicted Caitiff, and degen'rous creature,
Here trembling at thy bar. *Juſt.* Thy fault's the greater;
Lord ſhall I ſtrike the blow? *Jeſ.* Hold, Juſtice ſtay,
Speak ſinner; haſt thou nothing more to ſay?
Sin. Nothing but *Mercy, Mercy*; Lord my ſtate
Is miſerably poor and deſperate;
I quite renounce my ſelf, the world, and flie
From Lord to *Jeſus*; from thy ſelf to thee.
Juſt. Ceaſe thy vain hopes; my angry God has vow'd;
Abuſed mercy muſt have blood for blood:
Shall I yet ſtrike the blow? *Jeſ.* Stay, Juſtice, hold;
My bowels yearn, my fainting blood grows cold,
To view the trembling wretch? Methinks, I ſpie
My father's Image in the priſoners eye.
Juſt. I cannot hold. *Jeſ.* Then turn thy thirſty blade
Into my ſides: let there the wound be made:
Chear up, dear ſoul: redeem thy life with mine:
My ſoul ſhall ſmart; my heart ſhall bleed for thine.
Sin. O groundleſs deeps! O love beyond degree!
Th' offended dies, to ſet th' offender free.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST.

Lord, If I have done that, for which thou mayeſt damn me; thou haſt not loſt that whereby thou mayeſt ſave me: Remember not, ſweet Jeſus, thy juſtice againſt the ſinner, but thy benignity towards thy Creature: Remember not to proceed againſt a guilty ſoul, but remember thy mercy towards a miſerable wretch: forget the inſolence of the provoker, and behold the miſery of the invoker; for what is Jeſus but a Saviour?

ANSESLM.

Have reſpect to what thy Son hath done for me, and forget what my ſins have done againſt thee: My fleſh hath provoked thee to vengeance; let the fleſh of Chriſt move thee to mercy: It is much that my rebellions have deſerved; but it is more that my Redeemer hath merited.

EPIG. 10.

Mercy of mercies! He that was my drudge
Is now my Advocate, is now my judge:
He ſuffers, pleads, and ſentences, alone:
Three I adore, and yet adore but One.

XI.

Let not the water flood overflow me neither let the deep swallow me up
Ps 69-15

XI.

PSALM 69. 15.

Let not the water-floods overflow me, neither let the deeps swallow me up.

THe world's a Sea; my flesh a Ship that's mann'd
With lab'ring Thoughts, and steer'd by Reasons hand:
My Heart's the Sea-mans Card, whereby she sails;
My loose Affections are the greater Sails:
The top sail is my Fancie, and the Gusts
That fill these wanton sheets, are worldly Lusts.
Pray'r in the Cable, at whose end appears
The Anchor Hope, nev'r slip'd but in our fears:
My will's th' unconstant Pilot, that commands
The flagg'ring Keel; my Sins are like the Sands:
Repentance is the Bucket, and mine Eye
The Pump, unus'd (but in extreams) and dry:
My Conscience is the Plummet that doth press
The deeps, but seldom cries, *A fathom less*:
Smooth Calm's security; the Gulf, despair;
My Fraught's Corruption, and this Life's my Fair:
My Soul's the Passenger, confus'dly driven
From fear to fright; her landing Port is Heaven.
My Seas are stormy, and my Ship doth leak;
My Sailers rude; my Steers-man faint and weak:
My Canvace torn, it flaps from side to side;
My Cable's crackt, my Anchor's slightly ty'd;
My Pilot's craz'd, my shipwrack-Sands are cloak'd;
Mg Bucket's broken, and my Pump is choak'd;
My Calm's deceitful; and my Gulf too near;
My Wares are slubber'd, and my Far's too dear:
My Plummet's light, it cannot sink nor sound;
O shall my Rock-bethreatned Soul be drown'd;

Iord, ſtill the Seas, and ſhield my Ship from harm;
Inſtruct my Sailours, guide my Steerſmens arm:
Touch thou my Compaſs, and renew my Sails,
Send ſtiffer courage or ſend milder gales;
Make ſtrong my Cable; bind my Anchor faſter;
Direct my Pilot, and be thou his Maſter;
Object the Sands to my more ſerious view,
Make ſound my Bucket, bore my Pump anew:
New caſt my Plummet, make it apt to try
Where the Rocks lurk, and where the Quick-ſands lie;
Guard thou the Gulf with love, my Calms with Care;
Cleanſe thou my fraught; accept my ſlender Fare?
Refreſh the Sea-ſick paſſenger; cut ſhort
His Voyage; land him in his wiſhed Port:
Thou, Thou, whom winds and ſtormy ſeas obey,
That through the deep gav'ſt grumbling Iſr'el way,
Say to my ſoul, be ſafe, and then mine eye
Shall ſcorn grim death, although grim death ſtand by.
O thou whoſe ſtrength-reviving Arm did cheriſh
Thy ſinking *Peter*, at the point to periſh,
Reach forth thy hand, or bid me tread the wave,
I'le come, I'le come: The voice that calls will ſave.

S. AMBROS.

S. AMBROS. Apol. poſt. pro David Cap. 3.

The confluence of luſt makes a great tempeſt, which in th ſea diſturbeth the ſea-faring ſoul, that reaſon cannot govern it

S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. cap. 35.

We labour in the boyſterous ſea: Thou ſtandeſt upon the ſhor and ſeeſt our dangers: Give us grace to hold a middle cours betwixt Scylla and Charybdis, that both dangers eſcaped, w may arrive at our Port ſecure.

EPIG. 11.

My ſoul, the ſeas are rough, and thou a ſtranger
In theſe falſe coaſts; O keep aloof; there's danger;
Caſt forth thy plummet; ſee a rock appears;
Thy ſhip wants ſea-room; make it with thy tears.

XII.

O that thou wouldst protect me in the grave and hide me untill thy furie be
past. Iob 14

XII.

JOB 14. 13.

O that thou wouldst hide me in the grave, that thou wouldst keep me secret until thy wrath be past!

O Whither shall I flie; what path untrod
Shall I seek out to scape the flaming rod
Of my offended, of my angry God?

Where shall I sojourn? What kind sea will hide
My head from thunder? Where shall I abide,
Until his flames be quench'd or laid aside?

What, if my feet should take their hasty flight,
And seek protection in the shades of night?
Alas, no shades can blind the God of Light.

What, if my soul should take the wings of day,
And find some desart? If she springs away,
The wings of vengeance clip as fast as they.

What, if some solid rock should entertain
My frighted soul? Can solid rocks restrain
The stroke of Justice, and not cleave in twain?

Nor Sea, nor Shade, nor Shield, nor Rock, nor Cave,
Nor silent Desarts, nor the sullen Grave,
What flame-ey'd fury means to smite, can save.

The Seas will part, Graves open, Rocks will split;
The Shield will cleave; the frighted Shadows flit;
Where Justice aims, her fiery darts must hit.

No, no, if ſtern-brow'd vengeance means to thunder,
There is no place above, beneath, nor under,
So cloſe, but witll unlock, or rive in ſunder.

'Tis vain to flee; 'tis neither here nor there
Can ſcape that hand, until that hand forbear;
Ah me! Where is he not, that's every where?

'Tis vanity to flee; till gentle mercy ſhew
Her better eye, the farther off we go,
The ſwing of Juſtice deals the mightier blow.

Th' ingenuous child, corrected, doth not flie
His angry mother's hand, but clings more nigh,
And quenches with his tears her flaming eye.

Shadows are faithleſs, and the rocks are falſe;
No truſt in braſs, no truſt in marble walls;
Poor cots are even as ſafe as Princes halls.

Great God, there is no ſafety here below;
Thou art my Fortreſs, though thou ſeem'ſt my foe,
'Tis thou that ſtrik'ſt the ſtroke muſt guard the blow.

Thou art my God; by thee I fall or ſtand;
Thy grace hath giv'n me courage to withſtand
All tortures, but my conſcience and thy hand.

I know thy Juſtice is thy ſelf; I know,
Juſt God, thy very ſelf is Mercy too;
In not to thee, where? Wither ſhould I go?

Then work thy will? If paſſion bid me flee,
My reaſon ſhall obey; my wings ſhall be
Stretcht out no farther then from thee to thee.

S. AUGUST. in Psal. 33.

Whither flie I? To what place can I safely flie? To what mountain? To what den? To what strong house? What Castle shall I hold? What walls shall hold me? Whithersoever I go, my self followeth me: For whatsoever thou flieſt, O man, thou maiſt, but thy own conscience: Whereſoever O Lord I go, I find thee, if angry, a Revenger; if appeased, a Redeemer: What way have I, but to flie from thee to thee: That thou maiſt avoid thy God, addreſs thee to thy Lord.

EPIG. 12.

Hath vengeance found thee? Can thy fears command
No rocks to shield thee from her thund'ring hand?
Know'ſt thou not where to scape? I'll tell thee where;
My soul make clean thy conscience; hide thee there.

XIII.

Are not my dayes few? Cease then, and let me
alone that I may bewayle me a lit-
tle.

XIII.

JOB 10. 20.

Are not my days few? Ceaſe then, and let me alone, that I may bewail my ſelf a little.

MY Glaſs is half unſpent; Forbear t'arreſt
My thriftleſs day too ſoon: my poor requeſt
Is that my glaſs may run but out the reſt.

My time-devoured minutes will be done
Without thy help; ſee, ſee how ſwift they run:
Cut not my thred before my thred be ſpun.

The gain's not great I purchaſe by this ſtay;
What loſs ſuſtain'ſt thou by ſo ſmall delay,
To whom ten thouſand years are but a day?

My following eye can hardly make a ſhift
To count my winged hours; they fly ſo ſwift,
They ſcarce deſerve the bounteous name of gift.

The ſecret wheels of hurrying Time do give
So ſhort a warning, and ſo faſt they drive,
That I am dead before I ſeem to live.

And what's a Life? a weary Pilgrimage,
Whoſe glory in one day doth fill the ſtage
With Child-hood, Man-hood, and decrepit Age.

And what's a Life? the flouriſhing array
Of the proud Summer meadow, which to day
Wears her green pluſh, and is to morrow hay.

And what's a Life? A blaſt ſuſtein'd with cloathing,
Maintain'd with food, retain'd with vile ſelf-loathing,
Then weary of it ſelf, again'd to nothing.

Read

Read on this dial, how the ſhades devour
My ſhort-liv'd winters day: hour eats up hour;
Alas, the total's but from eight to four.

Behold theſe Lillies (which thy hands have made
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view) how ſoon they droop, how ſoon they fade!

Shade not that dial, night will blind too ſoon;
My non-ag'd day already points to noon;
How ſimple is my ſuit! how ſmall my boon!

Nor do I beg this ſlender inch, to while
The time away, or ſafely to beguile
My thoughts with joy; her's nothing worth a ſmile.

No, no: 'tis not to pleaſe my wanton ears
With frantick mirth, I beg but hours, not years;
And what thou giv'ſt me, I will give to tears.

Draw not that ſoul which would be rather led!
That *Seed* has yet not broke my ſerpents head;
O ſhall I die before my ſins are dead?

Behold theſe raggs; am I a fitting gueſt
To taſt the dainties of thy royal feaſt,
With hands and face unwaſh'd, ungirt, unbleſt?

Firſt, let the Jordan ſtreams (that find ſupplies
From the deep fountain of my heart) ariſe,
And cleanſe my ſpots, and clear my leprous eyes.

I have a world of ſins to be lamented;
I have a ſea of tears that muſt be vented:
O ſpare till then; and then I die contented.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. lib. de Civit. Dei, Cap. 10.

The time wherein we live, is taken from the ſpace of our life; and what remaineth, is daily made leſs and leſs, inſomuch that the time of our life is nothing but a paſſage to death.

S. GREG. lib. 9. cap. 44. 10. Job.

As moderate afflictions bring tears, ſo immoderate take away tears; inſomuch that ſorrow becometh no ſorrow, which ſwallowing up the mind of the afflicted, taketh away the ſenſe of the affliction.

EPIG. 13.

Fear'ſt thou to go, when ſuch an Arm invites thee?
Dread'ſt thou thy loads of ſin? or what affrights thee?
If thou begin to fear, thy fear begins:
Fool, can he bear thee hence, and not thy ſins?

XIV.

Oh that they were wise, then they would under-
-stand this; They would consider their latter end
Deuteron. 32 *180*

XIV.

DEUT. 32. 29.

O that men were wise, and that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end.

Flesh. *Spirit.*

Fl. WHat means my sisters eye so oft to pass
Through the long entry of that Optick glass?
Tell me; what secret virtue doth invite
Thy wrinkled eye to such unknown delight?
Sp. It helps the sight, makes things remote appear
In perfect view; It draws the objects near.
Fl. What sense-delighting objects dost thou spie?
What doth that Glass present before thine eye?
Sp. I see thy foe, my reconciled friend,
Grim Death, even standing at the Glasses end:
His left hand holds a branch of Palm; his right
Holds forth a two-edg'd sword. *Fl.* A proper sight!
And is this all? Doth thy Prospective please
Th' abused fancie with no shapes but these?
Sp. Yes, I behold the dark'ned Sun bereav'n
Of all his light, the battlements of Heav'n
Swelt'ring in flames; the Angel-guarded Son
Of glory on his high Tribunal-Throne;
I see a Brimstone Sea of boyling fire,
And Fiends, with knotted whips of flaming wire,
Tort'ring poor souls, that knash their teeth in vain,
And gnaw their flame-tormented tongues for pain.
Look, sister, how the queazy-stomack'd Graves
Vomit their dead, and how the purple waves

Scall'd

Scall'd their conſumeleſs bodies, ſtrongly curſing
All wombs for bearing, and all paps for nurſing.
Fl. Can thy diſtemper'd fancy take delight
In view of tortures? theſe are ſhows t'affright:
Look in this glaſs triangular; look here,
Here's that will raviſh eyes. *Sp.* What ſeeſt thou there?
Fl. The world in colours, colours that diſtain
The cheeks of *Proteus*, or the ſilken train
Of *Flora*'s Nymphs; ſuch various ſorts of hiew,
As Sun-confronting *Iris* never knew:
Here, if thou pleaſe to beautifie a town,
Thou maiſt; or with a hand, turn't upſide down;
Here maiſt thou ſcant or widen by the meaſure
Of thine own will; make ſhort or long at pleaſure:
Here maiſt thou tire thy fancy, and adviſe
With ſhows more apt to pleaſe more curious eyes.
Sp. Ah fool! that dot'ſt on vain, on preſent toys,
And diſreſpect'ſt thoſe true; thoſe future joys!
How ſtrongly are thy thoughts befool'd, alas,
To dote on goods that periſh with thy glaſs!
Nay, vaniſh with the turning of a hand!
Were they but painted colours, it might ſtand
With painted reaſon that they might devote thee;
But things that have no being tobeſot thee?
Foreſight of future torments is the way
To baulk thoſe ills which preſent joys bewray.
As thou haſt fool'd thy ſelf, ſo now come hither,
Break that fond glaſs, and let's be wiſe together.

S. BONA-

S. BONAVENT. de contemptu ſeculi.

O that men would be wiſe, underſtand, and foreſee. Be wiſe, to know three things: The multitude of thoſe that are to be damned: the few number of thoſe that are to be ſaved; and the vanity of tranſitory things: Underſtand three things, the multitude of ſins, the omiſſion of good things, and the loſs of time; Foreſee three things, the danger of death, the laſt judgment, and eternal puniſhment.

EPIG. 14.

What, Soul, no further yet? what nev'r commence
Maſter in Faith? Still batchelour of Senſe?
Is't inſufficiency? Or what has made thee
Oreſlip thy loſt degree? thy luſts have ſtaid thee.

XV.

My life is spent with greif and my yeares with sighing Ps: 30: 10

XV.

PSALM. 30. 10.

My life is ſpent with grief, and my years with ſighing.

WHat ſullen Star rul'd my untimely birth,
That would not lend my days one hour of Mirth?
How oft have theſe bare knees been bent to gain
The ſlender alms of one poor ſmile, in vain?
How often, tir'd with the faſtidious light,
Have my faint lips implor'd the ſhades of night?
How often have my nightly torments pray'd
For lingring twilight, glutted with the ſhade?
Day worſe then night, night worſe then day appears,
In fears I ſpend my nights, my days in tears:
I moan unpitt'd, groan without relief,
There is no end nor meaſure of my grief.
The ſmiling flow'r ſalutes the day; it grows
Untouch'd with care; it neither ſpins nor ſows:
O that my tedious life were like this flow'r,
Or freed from grief, or finiſh'd with an hour:
Why was I born? Why was I born a man?
And why proportion'd by ſo large a ſpan?
Or why ſuſpended by the common lot,
And being born to die, why die I not?
Ah me! Why is my ſorrow-wafted breath
Deni'd the eaſie priviledge of death?
The branded ſlave that tugs the weary oare,
Obtains the Sabbath of a welcome ſhore?
His ranſom'd ſtripes are heal'd, his native ſoil
Sweetens the mem'ry of his forreign toil;

But ah! my ſorrows are not half ſo bleſt;
My labour finds no point, my pains no reſt:
I barter ſighs for tears, and tears for groans,
Still vainly rolling Siſyphean ſtones:
Thou juſt obſerver, of our flying hours;
That, with thy Adamantine fangs, devours
The brazen monuments of renown'd Kings.
Doth thy glaſs ſtand? Or by thy moulting wings
Unapt to flie? If not, why doſt thou ſpare
A willing breaſt; a breaſt that ſtands ſo fair?
A dying breaſt, that hath but only breath
To beg a wound, and ſtrength to crave a death?
O that the pleaſed Heav'ns would once diſſolve
Theſe fleſhly fetters, that ſo faſt involve
My hamp'red ſoul; then would my ſoul be bleſt
From all theſe ills, and wrap her thoughts in reſt:
Till then, my days are months, my months are years;
My years are ages to be ſpent in tears:
My griefs entailed upon my waſtful breath,
Which no recov'ry can cut off, but death,
Breath drawn in cottages, puft out in thorns,
Begins, continues, and concludes in groans.

INNOCENT.

INNOCENT. de vilitate condit. humanæ.

O who will give mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I may bewail my miserable ingress of mans condition; the sinful progress of mans conversation, the damnable egress in mans dissolution? I will consider with tears, whereof man was made, what man doth, and what man is to do: Alas, he is formed of earth, conceived in sin, born to punishment: He doth evil things which are not lawful; he doth filthy things, which are not decent; He doth vain things, which are not expedient.

EPIG. 15.

My heart, Thy life's a debt by Bond, which bears
A secret date; the use is Groans and Tears:
Plead not; usurious Nature will have all,
As well the Int'rest as the Principal.

I.

My ſoule hath coueted to deſire thy iudgments. pſal. 119. 131

THE FOURTH BOOK.

I.

ROM. 7: 23.

I see another Law in my members warring against the Law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the Law of sin.

1

O How my will is hurried too and fro,
And how my unresolv'd resolves do vary!
I know not where to fix, sometimes I go
This way, then that, and then the quite contrary:
I like, d slike; lament for what I could not;
I do, undo; yet still do what I would not.
And at the self same instant will the thing I would not.

2

Thus are my weather-beaten thoughts oppreſt
With th' earth-bred winds of my prodigious will;
Thus am I hourly toſt from East to West
Upon the rowling streams of good and ill:
Thus am I driven upon these slipy'ry suds
From real ills to false apparent goods:
My life's a troubled sea, compos'd of ebs and floods.

3

The curious Penman, having trimm'd his page
With the dead language of his dabled quill,
Lets fall a heedleſs drop, then in a rage
Caſhiers the fruits of his unlucky skill;
Ev'n so my pregnant soul in th' Infant bud
Of her best thoughts shorws down a cole black flood
Of unadviſed ills, and cancels all her good.

4

Sometimes a ſudden flaſh of ſacred heat
Warms my chill ſoul, and ſets my thoughts in frame;
But ſoon that fire is ſhouldred from her ſeat
By luſtful *Cupid*'s much inferiour flame.
I feel two flames, and yet no flame entire;
Thus are the mungrel thoughts of mixt deſire,
Conſum'd between that heav'nly and this earthly fire.

5

Sometimes my traſh diſdaining thoughts out paſs
The common period of terrene conceit;
O then, methinks I ſcorn the thing I was,
Whilſt I ſtand raviſh'd at my new eſtate:
But when th'Icarian wings of my deſire
Feel but the warmth of their own native fire,
O then they melt and plunge within their wonted mire.

6

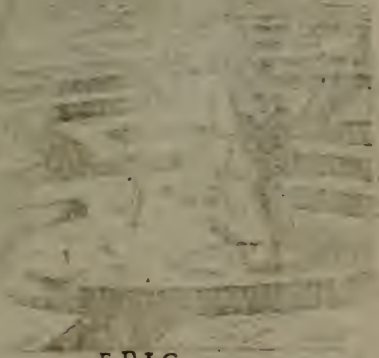
I know the nature of my wav'ring mind;
I know the frailty of my fleſhly will:
My Paſſion's Eagle ey'd; my judgment blind;
I know what's good, but yet make choice of ill.
When th'Oſtrich wings of my deſires ſhall be
So dull, they cannot mount the leaſt degree,
Yet grant my ſoul deſire but of deſiring thee.

S. BERN. Med. 9.

My heart is a vain heart, a vagabond and inſtable heart; while it is led by its own judgment, and wanting Divine counſel cannot ſubſiſt in it ſelf; and whilſt it divers ways ſeeketh reſt, findeth none, but remaineth miſerable through labour, and void of peace: it agreeth not with it ſelf; it diſſenteth from it ſelf: it altereth reſolutions, changeth the judgment, frameth new thoughts, pulleth down the old, and buildeth them up again: it willeth and willeth not; and never remaineth in the ſame ſtate.

S. AUGUST. de verb. Apoſt.

When it would, it cannot; becauſe when it might, it would not: Therefore by an evil will man loſt his good power.



EPIG. 1.

My ſoul, how are thy thoughts diſturb'd, confin'd,
Enlarg'd betwixt thy members and thy mind!
Fix here or there; thy doubt depending cauſe
Can ne'r expect one verdict 'twixt two Laws.

II.

Oh that my wayes were directed to keep thy ſtatutes. pſal. 119.5

II.

PSALM 119. 5.

O that my ways were directed to keep thy Statutes!

1

THus I, the object of the worlds disdain,
With Pilgrim pace surround the weary earth:
I only relish what the world counts vain;
Her mirth's my grief, her sullen grief my mirth;
Her light my darkness; and her truth my errour:
Her freedom is my jail; and her delight my terrour.

2

Fond earth! proportion not my seeming love
To my long stay; let not thy thoughts deceive thee;
Thou art my prison and my home's above;
My life's a preparation but to leave thee:
Like one that seeks a door, I walk about thee:
With thee I cannot live; I cannot live without thee.

3

The world's a lab'rinth, whose anfractuous ways
Are all compos'd of rubs and crook'd Meanders;
No resting here; He's hurried back that stays
A thought; and he that goes unguided wanders:
Her way is dark, her path untrod, unev'n;
So hard's the way from earth; so hard's the way to Heaven.

4

This gyring lab'rinth is betrench'd about
On either hand with streams of sulph'rous fire,
Streams closely sliding, erring in and out,
But seeming pleasant to the fond descier;
Where if his footsteps trust their own invention,
He falls without redress, and sinks without dimension.

Where

5

Where ſhall I ſeek a Guide? where ſhall I meet
Some lucky hand to lead my trembling paces?
What truſty Lanthorn will direct my feet
To ſcape the danger of theſe dang'rous places?
What hopes have I to paſs without a Guide;
Where one gets ſafely through, a thouſand fall beſide.

6

An unrequeſted Star did gently ſlide
Before the Wiſe-men to a greater Light;
Back ſliding Iſr'el found a double Guide;
A Pillar, and a Cloud; by Day, by Night:
Yet in my deſp'rate dangers which be far
More greater than theirs, I have no Pillar, Cloud, nor Star.

7

O that the pinions of a clipping Dove
Would cut my paſſage through the empty Air;
Mine eyes being ſeal'd, how would I mount above
The reach of danger and forgotten care!
My backward eyes ſhould ne'r commit that fault,
Whoſe laſting guilt ſhould build a monument of *Salt*.

8

Great God that art the flowing Spring of Light,
Enrich mine eyes with thy refulgent Ray:
Thou art my Path; direct my ſteps aright;
I have no other Light, no other Way:
I'll truſt my God, and him alone purſue;
His Law ſhall be my Path; his Heavenly Light my Clue.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. cap. 4.

O Lord; who art the Light, the Way, the Truth, the Life; in whom there is no darkneſs, errour, vanity nor death: the Light, without which there is darkneſs; the Way, without which there is wandring; the truth, without which there is errour; the life, without which there is death: Say, Lord, let there be light, and I ſhall ſee Light, and eſchew darkneſs; I ſhall ſee the way, and avoid wandring; I ſhall ſee the truth, and ſhun errror; I ſhall ſee Life, and eſcape Death: Illuminate, O illuminate my blind Soul, which ſitteth in darkneſs, and the ſhadow of death; and direct my feet in the way of peace.

EPIG. 2.

Pilgrim trudge on: what makes thy ſoul complain
Crowns thy complaint. The way to reſt is pain:
The road to reſolution lies by doubt:
The next way home's the fartheſt way about.

III.

Stay my Stepps in thy Pathes that my feet do not slide. Ps 17. 5.

III.

PSALM 17. 5.

Stay my steps in thy paths, that my feet do not slide.

1

When e're the old Exchange of profit rings
Her silver Saints-bell of uncertain gains,
My Merchant-soul can stretch both legs and wings,
How I can run, and take unwearied pains!
The charms of profit are so strong, that I
Who wanted legs to go find wings to flie.

2

If time-beguiling Pleasure but advance
Her lustful trump, and blow her bold alarms,
O how my sportful soul can frisk and dance,
And hug that Syren in her twined arms!
The sprightly voice of sinew-strengthning pleasure
Can lend my bed-rid soul both legs and leisure.

3

If blazing honour chance to fill my veins
With flat'ring warmth, and flash of Courtly fire,
My soul can take a pleasure in her pains:
My lofty strutting steps disdain to tire;
My antick knees can turn upon the hinges
Of Complement, and scrue a thousand cringes.

4

But when I come to Thee, my God that art
The royal Mine of everlasting treasure,
The real honour of my better part,
And living fountain of eternal pleasure,
How nerveless are my limbs! how faint and slow!
I have no wings to flie nor legs to go.

So

5

So when the ſtreams of ſwift-foot Rhene convey
Her upland riches to the Belgick ſhore,
The idle veſſel ſlides the wat'ry lay,
Without the blaſt or tug, of wind, or oar;
Her ſlipp'ry keel divides the ſilver foame
With eaſe: So facile is the way from home.

6

But when the home bound veſſel turns her ſails
Againſt the breaſt of the reſiſting ſtream,
O then ſhe ſlugs; nor ſail, nor oar prevails;
The ſtream is ſturdy, and her Tide's extream
Each ſtroke is loſs, and every tug is vain:
A Boat-lengths purchaſe is a league of pain.

7

Great all in all that art my reſt, my home;
My way is tedious, and my ſteps are ſlow:
Reach forth thy helpful hand, or bid me come;
I am thy child, O teach thy child to go:
Conjoyn thy ſweet commands to my deſire,
And I will venture, though I fall or tire.

S. AUGUST. Ser. 15. de Verb. Apost.

Be always displeased at what thou art, if thou desirest to attain to what thou art not: For where thou hast pleased thy self, there thou abidest. But if thou sayest, I have enough, thou perishest: Always add, always walk, always proceed; neither stand still, nor go back, nor deviate: He that standeth still proceedeth not; He goeth back, that continueth not; He deviateth, that revolteth; He goeth better that creepeth in his way, then he that runneth out of his way.

EPIG. 3.

Fear not, my Soul, to lose for want of cunning;
Weep not; Heav'n is not always got by running:
Thy thoughts are swift, although thy legs be slow;
True love will creep, not having strength to go.

IV.

My flesh trembleth for feare of thee & I am afraide of thy Iudgments. Ps: 119.

IV.

PSAL. 119. 120.

My flesh trembleth for fear of thee, and I am afraid of thy judgements.

LEt others boast of luck, and go their ways
With their fair game; know vengeance seldom plays
To be too forward, but doth wisely frame
Her backwark Tables for an after-game:
She gives thee leave to venture many a blot;
And, for her own advantage, hits thee not;
But when her pointed Tables are made fair,
That she be ready for thee, then beware;
Then, if a necessary blot be set,
She hits thee; wins the Game; perchance the set:
If prosp'rous chances make thy casting high,
Be wisely temp'rate; cast a serious eye
On after-dangers, and keep back thy game;
Too forward seed times make thy harvest lame;
If left-hand Fortune give thee left-hand chances,
Be wisely patient; let not envious glances
Repine to view thy gamesters heap so fair;
The hindmost hound takes oft the doubling Hare.
The Worlds great Dice are false; sometimes they go
Extreamly high, sometimes extreamly low:
Of all her gamestres he that plays the least,
Lives most at ease, plays most secure and best:
The way to win, is to play fair, and swear
Thy self a servant to the Crown of fear;

Fear is the primmer of a Gamesters skill:
Who fears not Bad stands most unarm'd to Ill:
The Ill that's wisely fear'd, is half withstood;
And fear of Bad is the best foyl to Good:
True Fear's th' *Elixar*, which in days of old
Turn'd Leaden Crosses into Crowns of Gold:
The Worlds the Tables; Stakes, Eternal life;
The Gamesters, Heav'n and I; Unequal strife!
My Fortunes are my Dice, whereby I frame
My indispos'd Life: This Life's the Game;
My sins are sev'ral Blots; the Lookers on
Are Angels; and in death the Game is done:
Lord, I'm a Bungler, and my Game doth grow
Still more and more unshap'd; my Dice run low:
The Stakes are great; my careless Blots are many;
And yet thou passest by, and hit'st not any:
Thou art too strong; and I have none to guide me:
With the least jog; the lookers on deride me:
It is a Conquest undeserving Thee,
To win a Stake from such a Worm as me:
I have no more to lose; If we persevere,
'Tis lost; and that once lost I'm lost for ever.
Lord, wink at faults, and be not too severe,
And I will play my Game with greater fear;
O give me Fear, ere Fear has past her date:
Whose blot being hit, then fears, fears then too late.

S. BERN.

S. BERN. Ser. 54. in Cant.

There is nothing so effectual to obtain Grace, to retain Grace, and to regain Grace, as always to be found before God not overwise, but to fear: Happy art thou if thy heart be repleniſhed with three fears; a fear for received Grace, a greater fear for loſt Grace, a greateſt fear to recover Grace.

S. AUGUST. ſuper. Pſal.

Preſent fear begetteth Eternal ſecurity: Fear God, which is above all, and no need to fear man at all.

EPIG. 4.

Lord, ſhall we grumble when thy flames do ſcourge us?
Our ſins breath fire; that fire returns to purge us.
Lord, what an Alchymiſt art thou, whoſe skil
Tranſmutes to prefect Good from perfect ill!

V.

Turne away myne eyes least they behold vanity. psal: 118.

V.

PSALM. 119. 37.

Turn away mine eyes from regarding vanity.

1

How like the threds of flax
That touch the flame, are my inflam'd desires!
How like to yielding wax
My soul dissolve before these wanton fires!
The fire but touch'd, the flame but felt,
Like flax, I burn; like wax, I melt.

2

O how this flesh doth draw
My fetter'd soul to that deceitful fire!
And how the eternal Law
Is baffled by the law of my desire!
How truly bad, how seeming good!
Are all the laws of flesh and blood!

3

O wretched state of men,
The height of whose ambition is to borrow
What must be paid again
With griping int'rest of the next days sorrow!
How wild his thoughts! How apt to range!
How apt to vary! Apt to change!

4

How intricate and nice
Is mans perplexed way to mans desire!
Sometimes upon the ice
He slips, and sometimes falls into the fire;
His progress is extream and bold,
Or very hot, or very cold.

5

The common food he doth
Suſtain his ſoul-tormenting thoughts withal,
Is honey in his mouth
To night, and in his heart, to morrow gall;
'Tis oftentimes, within an hour,
Both very ſweet and very ſowre.

6

If ſweet *Corinna* ſmile,
A Heav'n of joy breaks down into his heart:
Corinna frown a while?
Hells torments are but copies of his ſmart:
Within a luſtful heart doth dwell
A ſeeming Heav'n, a very Hell.

7

Thus worthleſs, vain, and void
Of comfort, are the fruits of earths employment,
Which 'ere they be enjoy'd
Diſtract us, and deſtroy us in th'enjoyment;
Theſe be the pleaſures that are priz'd,
When Heav'ns cheap pen'worth ſtands deſpis'd.

8

Lord, quench theſe haſty flaſhes,
Which dart as lightning from the thund'ring ſkies,
And ev'ry minute daſhes
Againſt the wanton windows of mine eyes:
Lord, cloſe the caſement, whilſt I ſtand
Behind the curtain of thy hand.

5. AUGUST. Soliloqu. cap. 4.

O thou Sun that illuminateth both Heaven and Earth! Wo be unto those eyes which do not behold thee: Wo be unto those blind eyes which cannot behold thee: Wo be unto those which turn away their eyes that they will not behold thee: Wo be unto those that turn away their eyes that they may behold vanity.

S. CHRYS. sup. Mat. 19.

What is the evil woman but the enemy of friendship, an unavoidable pain, a necessary mischief, a natural tentation, a desirable calamity, a domestick danger, a delectable inconvenience, and the nature of evil, painted over with the colour of good.

EPIG. 5.

'Tis vain, great God, to close mine eyes from ill,
When I resolve to keep the old man still;
My rambling heart must covenant first with thee,
Or none can pass betwixt mine eye and me.

VI.

If I have found favour in thy sight let, my life be given me at my petition. Ester 7.3

VI.

ESTHER 7. 3.

If I have found favour in thy ſight, and if it pleaſe the King, let my life be given me at my petition.

THou art the Great *Aſſuerus*, whoſe command
Doth ſtretch from Pole to Pole: the world's thy Land;
Rebellious *Vaſhti*'s the corrupted will,
Which being call'd, refuſes to fulfil
Thy juſt command: *Eſther*, whoſe tears condole
The razed City's the regen'rate Soul;
A captive maid, whom thou wilt pleaſe to grace
With nuptial Honours in ſtout *Vaſhti*'s place:
Her kinſman, whoſe unbended knee did thwart
Proud *Haman*'s glory, is the fleſhly part:
The ſober *Eunuch*, that recall'd to mind
The new-built gibbet (*Haman* had divin'd
For his own ruin) fifty cubits high,
His luſtful-thought-controlling chaſtity;
Inſulting *Haman* is that fleſhly luſt
Whoſe red-hot fury, for a ſeaſon, muſt
Triumph in pride, and ſtudy how to tread
On *Mordecai*, till royal *Eſther* plead.
Great King, my ſent-for *Vaſhti* will not come;
O let the oyl o'th bleſſed Virgins womb
Cleanſe my poor *Eſther*; look, O look upon her
With gracious eyes; and let thy Beam of honour
So ſcour her captive ſtains, that ſhe may prove
An holy Object of thy Heavenly love:

Anoint

Anoint her with the Spiknard of thy graces,
Then try the sweetness of her chaft embraces:
Make her the partner of thy nuptial bed,
And set thy Royal Crown upon her head;
If then ambitious *Haman* chance to spend
His spleen on *Mordecai*, that scorns to bend
The wilful stifness of his stubborn knee,
Or basely crouch to any Lord but thee:
If weeping *Esther* should prefer a grone
Before the high tribunal Throne,
Hold forth thy Golden Scepter, and afford
The gentle audience of a gracious Lord:
And let thy Royal *Esther* be possest
Of half thy Kingdom, at her dear request:
Curb lustful *Haman*; him that would disgrace,
Nay, ravish thy fair Queen before thy face:
And as proud *Haman* was himself ensnar'd
On that self-gibbet that himself prepare'd;
So nail my lust, both punishment and guilt,
On that dear Cross that mine own lusts have built.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. in Ep.

O holy spirit, always inspire me with holy works. Constrain me, that I may do: Counsel me, that I may love thee; Confirm me, that I may hold thee; Conserve me, that I may not lose thee.

S. AUGUST. sup. Joan.

The spirit lusts where the flesh resteth: For as the flesh is nourished with sweet things, the Spirit is refreshed with sowre.

Ibidem.

Wouldst thou that thy flesh obey thy spirit? Then let thy spirit obey thy God. Thou must be governed, that thou maist govern.

EPIG. 6.

Of Mercy and Justice is thy Kingdom built;
This plagues my sin; and that removes my guilt;
When e're I sue, *Assuerus* like decline
Thy Scepter; Lord, say, Half my Kingdom's thine.

VII.

Come my beloved let us goe forth into the fields, let us remaine in the Villages. Cant: 7. 11. 2:

VII.

CANTICLES 7. 11.

Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field, and let us remain in the villages.

1

Christ. *Soul.*

Chr. COme, Come, my dear, and let us both retire
And whiff the dainties of the fragrant fields:
Where warbling *Philomel*, and the shrill mouth'd quire
Chaunt forth their raptures; where the Turtle builds
Her lovely nest; and where the new born brier
Breaths forth the Sweetness that her *April* yields:
Come, come, my lovely fair, and let us try
These rural delicates; where thou and I
May melt in private flames, and fear no slander by.

2

Soul. My hearts eternal joy, in lieu of whom
The earth's a blast, and all the world's a bubble;
Our City-mansion is the fairest home,
But Country sweets are tang'd with lesser trouble:
Let's try them both, and chuse the better; come;
A change in pleasure, makes the pleasure double;
On thy commands depends my go or tarry,
I'll stir with *Martha*, or I'll stay with *Mary*:
Our hearts are firmly fit, although her pleasures vary.

Chr.

3

Chr. Our Countrey-manſion (ſituate on high)
With various Objects, ſtill renews delight;
Her arched roof's of unſtain'd Ivory:
Her walls of fiery-ſparkling Chryſolite;
Her pavement is of hardeſt Porphyry;
Her ſpacious windows are all glaz'd with bright
And flaming Carbuncles; no need require
Titan's faint rays, or *Vulcan's* feeble fire;
And eve'ry Gate's a Pearl; and every Pearl entire.

4

Soul. Fool that I was! how were my thoughts deceiv'd!
How falſly was my fond conceit poſſeſt!
I took it for an Hermitage but pav'd
And daub'd with neighbr'ing dirt, and thacht at beſt
Alas, I nev'r expected more, nor crav'd;
A Turtle hop'd but for a Turtles neſt:
Come, come, my dear. and let no idle ſtay
Neglect th'advantage of the head-ſtrong day;
How pleaſure grates, that feels the curb of dull delay!

5

Chr. Come then, my Joy; let our divided paces
Conduct us to our faireſt territory;
O there we'll twine our ſouls in-ſweet embraces;
Soul. And in thine arms 'Ill tell my paſſion ſtory:
Chr. O there I'll crown thy head with all my graces;
Soul. And all theſe graces ſhall reflect thy glory:
Chr. O there I'll feed thee with celeſtial *Manna*;
I'll be thy *Elkana*. *Soul.* And I, thy *Hanna*.
C. I'll ſound my trump of joy. *S.* And I'll reſound *Hoſanna*.

S. BERN.

S. BERN.

O blessed Contemplation! The death of vices, and the life of virtues! Thee, the Law and Prophets admire: Who ever attained perfection, if not by thee! O blessed Solitude, the Magazine of Celestial Treasure! by thee things earthly, and transitory, are changed into Heavenly, and Eternal.

S. BERN. in Ep.

Happy is that house, and blessed is that Congregation, where Martha *still complaineth of* Mary.

EPIG. 7.

Mechanick soul, thou must not only do
With *Martha*; but, with *Mary*, ponder too:
Happy's that house where these fair sisters vary;
But most, when *Martha*'s reconcil'd to *Mary*.

VIII.

Draw me we will run after thee because of the savour of thy good Ointments.
Cant. 1:3.

VIII.

CANTICLES 1. 3.

Draw me; we will follow after thee by the favour of thy good Oyntments.

THus, like a lump of the corrupted Maſs,
I lie ſecure, long loſt before I was:
And like a block, beneath whoſe burthen lies
That undiſcover'd worm that never dies
I have no will to rouze, I have no power to riſe.

Can ſtinking *Laz'rus* compound or ſtrive
With deaths entangling fetters, and revive?
Or can the water-buried *Axe* implore
A hand to raiſe it, or it ſelf reſtore,
And from her ſandy deeps approach the dry-foot ſhore?

So hard's the task for ſinful fleſh and blood
To lend the ſmalleſt ſtep to what is good.
My God, I cannot move the leaſt degree!
Ah! If but only thoſe that active be,
None ſhould thy glory ſee, none ſhould thy glory ſee.

But if the Potter pleaſe t'inform the clay:
Or ſome ſtrong hand remove the block away:
Their lowly fortunes ſoon are mounted higher;
That proves a veſſel, which before was mire;
And this being hewn, may ſerve for better uſe than fire.

And if that life-reſtoring voice command
Dead *Laz'rus* forth; or that great *Prophets* hand
Should charm the ſullen waters, and begin
To becken, or to dart a ſtick but in,
Dead *Laz'rus* muſt revive, and th' *Ax* muſt float again.

Lord, as I am, I have no pow'r at all
To hear the voice or Echo to thy call;
The gloomy Clouds of mine own guilt benight me;
Thy glorious beams, not dainty ſweets invite me;
They neither can direct; nor theſe at all delight me.

See how my ſin-bemangled body lies,
Not having pow'r to will, nor will to riſe!
Shine home upon thy Creature, and inſpire
My liveleſs Will with thy regen'rate fire;
The firſt degree to do, is only to deſire.

Give me the power to Will, the Will to do;
O raiſe me up, and I will ſtrive to go:
Draw me, O draw me with thy trebble twiſt,
That have no pow'r but meerly to reſiſt;
O lend me ſtrength to do, and then command thy liſt!

My Soul's a Clock, whoſe wheels (for want of uſe
And winding up, being ſubject to the abuſe
Of eating ruſt) wants vigour to fulfil
Her twelve hours task, and ſhew her makers ſkill,
But idly ſleeps unmov'd, and ſtandeth vainly ſtill.

Great God it is thy work and therefore good.
If thou be pleas'd to cleanſe it with thy blood,
And wind it up with thy ſoul-moving keys,
Her nimble wheels ſhall ſerve thee all her days; (praiſe,
Her hand ſhall point thy pow'r, her hammer ſtricke thy

S. BERN.

S. BERN. Serm. 21. in Cant.

Let us run, let us run, but in thy savour of thy Ointment, not in the confidence of our merits, nor in the greatness of our strength: We trust to run, but in the multitude of thy mercies, for though we run and are willing, it is not in him that willeth, nor in him that runneth, but in God that sheweth mercy. O let thy mercy return, and we will run: Thou like a Gyant, runnest by thy own power; we, unless thy Ointment breath upon us cannot run.

EPIG. 8.

Look not, my Watch, being once repair'd to stand
Expecting motion from thy Maker's hand
H'as wound thee up, and clean's'd thy Cogs with blood:
If now thy wheels stand still thou art not good.

IX.

O that thou wert as my Brother, that Sucked the Breasts of my Mother. Cant: 8

IX.

CANTICLES 8. 1.

O that thou wert as my Brother, that sucked the breasts of my mother; when I should find thee without, I would kiss thee.

1

COme, come, my blessed Infant, and immure thee
Within the temple of my sacred arms;
Secure mine arms, mine arms shall then secure thee
From *Herod*'s fury, or the High-Priests harms:
Or if thy danger'd life sustain a loss,
My folded arms shall turn thy dying cross.

2

But ah; what savage Tyrant can behold
The beauty of so sweet a face, as this is,
And not himself be by himself controul'd,
And change his fury to a thousand kisses?
One smile of thine is worth more Mines of treasure
Then there be *Myriads* in the days of *Cæsar*.

3

O, had the *Tetrarch*, as he knew by birth,
So known thy stock, he had not sought to paddle
In thy dear blood; but prostrate on the earth
Had vail'd his Crown before thy Royal Cradle,
And laid the Scepter of his glory down,
And begg'd a Heavenly for an Earthly Crown.

4

Illuſtrious Babe! How is thy handmaid grac'd
With a rich armful! How doſt thou decline.
Thy Majeſty, that wert ſo late embrac'd
In thy great Fathers arms, and now in mine!
How humbly gracious art thou, to refreſh
Me with thy Sprit, and aſſume my fleſh!

5

But muſt the treaſon of a traitour's *Hail*
Abuſe the ſweetneſs of theſe ruby lips?
Shall marble hearted cruelty aſſail
Theſe Alablaſter ſides with knotted whips?
And muſt theſe ſmiling Roſes entertain
The blows of ſcorn, and ſlurts of baſe diſdain?

6

Ah! Muſt theſe dainty little ſprings that twine
So faſt about thy neck, be pierc'd and torn
With ragged nails? And muſt theſe brows reſign
Their Crown of Glory for a Crown of thorn?
Ah, muſt the bleſſed infant taſte the pain
Of deaths injurious pangs; nay worſe, be ſlain?

7

Sweet Babe! At what dear rates do wretched I
Commit a ſin! Lord, ev'ry ſin's a dart;
And ev'ry treſpaſs lets a javelin fle;
And ev'ry javelin wounds thy bleeding heart:
Pardon ſweet Babe, what I have done amiſs;
And ſeal that granted pardon with a kiſs.

BONAVENT. Soliloqu. Chap. 1.

O sweet Jesu, I knew that thy kisses were so sweet, nor thy society so delectable, nor thy attraction so virtuous: For when I love thee, I am clean; when I touch thee, I am chaste; when I receive thee I am a Virgin: O most sweet Jesu, thy embraces defile not, but cleanse; thy attraction polluteth not, but sanctifieth: O Jesu the fountain of universal sweetness, pardon me that I believed so late, that so much sweetness is in thy embraces.

EPIG. 9.

My burthen's greatest: Let not *Atlas* boast:
Impartial Reader, judge which bears the most:
He bears but Heav'n, my folded arms sustain
Heav'ns maker, whom Heav'ns Heav'n cannot contain.

X.

By night on my bed I sought him whom my soule loveth; I sought him but I found him not.
Cant: 3: 1. 224.

X.

CANTICLES 3. 1.

In my bed by night I ſought him that my ſoul loveth; I ſought him, but I found him not.

The learned Cynick having loſt the way
To honeſt men, did in the height of day,
By Taper-light divide his ſteps about
The peopled ſtreets to find this Dainty out;
But fail'd: The Cynick ſearch'd not where he ought;
The thing he ſought for, was not where he ſought.
The Wiſe-mens task ſeem'd harder to be done,
The Wiſe-men did by Star-light ſeek the Sun,
And found: The Wiſe-men ſearch'd it where they ought
The thing he hop'd to find was where they ſought.
One ſeeks his wiſhes where he ſhould; but then
Perchance he ſeeks not as he ſhould; nor when.
Another ſearches when he ſhould; but there
He fails; not ſeeking as he ſhould, nor where.
Whoſe ſoul deſires the good it wants, and would
Obtain, muſt ſeek Where, As, and When he ſhould.
How often have my wild affections led
My waſted ſoul to this my widow'd bed
To ſeek my lover, whom my ſoul deſires?
(I ſpeak not, *Cupid*, of thy wanton fires:
Thy fires are all but dying ſparks to mine;
My flames are full of Heav'n, and all Divine)
How often have I ſought this bed by night,
To find that greater by this leſſer light!

How

How oft have my unwitneſt groans lamented
Thy deareſt abſence! Ah, how often vented
The bitter tempeſts of deſpairing breath,
And toſt my ſoul upon the waves of death!
How often has my melting heart made choice
Of ſilent tears (tears louder than a voice)
To plead my grief, and woe thy abſent ear!
And yet thou wilt not come, thou wilt not hear;
O is thy wonted love become ſo cold?
Or do mine eyes not ſeek thee where they ſhould!
Why do I ſeek thee, if thou art not here?
Or find thee not, if thou art ev'ry where?
I ſee my errour, it is not ſtrange I could not
Find out my love: I ſought him where I ſhould not.
Thou art not found in downy beds of eaſe;
Alas, thy muſick ſtrikes on harder keys:
Nor art thou found by that falſe feeble light
Of Natures candle, our Egyptian night
Is more than common darkneſs; nor can we
Expect a morning, but what breaks from thee.
Well may my empty bed bewail thy loſs,
When thou art lodg'd upon thy ſhameful croſs:
If thou refuſe to ſhare a bed with me,
We'll never part, I'll ſhare a croſs with thee.

ANSELM. in Proto'og. 1.

Lord, if thou art not present, where shall I seek thee absent? If every where, why do I not see thee present? Thou dwellest in light inaccessible; and where is that inaccessible light? Or how shall I have access to light inaccessible? I beseech thee Lord, teach me to seek thee, and shew thy self to the seeker; because I can neither seek thee, unless thou teach me, nor find thee, unless thou shew thy self to me: Let me seek thee, in desiring thee, and desire thee in seeking thee; Let me find thee in loving thee, and love thee in finding thee.

EPIG. 10.

Where shouldst thou seek for rest but in thy bed?
But now thy rest is gone, thy rest is fled:
'Tis vain to seek him there: My soul be wise;
Go ask thy sins; they'll tell thee, where he lies.

XI.

I will rise now, and goe about the City in the streets and in the broad ways I will seek him whom my soul loveth: I sought him but found him not. Cant. 3. 2.

XI.

CANTICLES 3. 2.

I will rise, and go about the City, and will seek him that my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not.

1

O How my disappointed soul's perplext!
How restless thoughts swarm in my troubled breast
How vainly pleas'd with hopes, then crosly vext
With fears! And how betwixt them both distrest!
What place is left unransack'd? Oh, where next
Shall I go seek the Author of my rest?
Of what blest Angel shall my lips enquire
The undiscover'd way to that entire
And everlasting solace of my hearts desire?

2

Look how the stricken Heart that wounded flies
Ov'r hills and dales, and seeks the lower grounds
For running streams, the whilst his weeping eyes
Beg silent mercy from the following Hounds;
At length, emboss, he droops, drops down, and lies
Beneath the burthen of his bleeding wounds:
Ev'n so my gasping soul, dissolv'd in tears,
Doth search for thee, my God, whose deafned ears
Leave me th'unransom'd Pris'ner to my panick fears.

Where

3

Where have my buſie eyes not pry'd? O where,
Of whom hath not my thred-bare tongue demanded?
I ſearch'd this glorious City; he's not here:
I ſought the Country; ſhe ſtands empty handed;
I ſearch'd the Court; he is a ſtranger there:
I ask'd the land; he's ſhipp'd: the ſea: he's landed:
I clim'd the air, my thoughts began t'aſpire;
But ah! the wings of my too bold deſire,
Soaring too near the Sun, were ſindg'd with ſacred fire.

4

I mov'd the Merchant's ear; alas, but he
Knew, neither what I ſaid, nor what to ſay:
I ask'd the Lawyer, he demands a fee,
And then demurs me with a vain delay:
I ask'd the Schoolman: his advice was free,
But ſcor'd me out too intricate a way:
I ask'd the Watch-man (beſt of all the four)
Whoſe gentle anſwer could reſolve no more,
But that he lately left him at the Temple door.

5

Thus having ſought, and made my great inqueſt
In ev'ry place, and ſearch'd in ev'ry ear:
I threw me on my bed; but ah! my reſt
Was poiſon'd with th'extremes of grief and fear,
Where looking down into my troubled breaſt,
The Magazine of wounds, I found him there:
Let others hunt, and ſhew their ſportful Art;
I wiſh to catch the Hare before ſhe ſtart,
As Potchers uſe to do; Heav'ns Form's a troubled heart.

S. AMBROS.

S. AMBROS. lib. 3. de Virg.

Christ is not in the market, nor in streets: For Christ is Peace, in the market are strifes: Christ is Justice, in the market is iniquity: Christ is a Labourer, in the market is idleness: Christ is Charity, in the market is slander: Christ is Faith, in the market is fraud. Let us not therefore seek Christ, where we cannot find Christ.

S. HIEROM. Ser. 9. Ep. 22. ad Eustoch.

Jesus is jealous: He will not have thy face seen: Let foolish Virgins ramble abroad, seek thou thy Love at home.

EPIG. 11.

What, lost thy love? will neither bed nor board
Receive him? Not by tears to be implor'd?
It is the Ship that moves, and not the Coast;
I fear, I fear, my soul, 'tis thou art lost.

XII.

Saw ye him whom my Soule loveth, it was but little ẏ I passed from them but I found him . . my [illegible] loveth I held him etc: Cant: 3.4

XII.

CANTICLES. 3. 3.

Have you seen him whom my Soul loveth? When I hast a little from them, then I found him, I took hold on him, and left him not.

1

WHat secret corner? What unwonted way
Has scap'd the ransack of my rambling thought?
The Fox by night, nor the dull Owl by day,
Have never search'd those places I have sought,
Whilst they lamented, absence taught my breast
The ready road to grief, without request;
My day had neither comfort, nor my night had rest.

2

How hath my unregarded language vented
The sad tautologies of lavish passion;
How often have I languish'd unlamented!
How oft have I complain'd, without compassion!
I ask'd the City-watch, but some deny'd me
The common street, whilst others would misguide me;
Some would debar me; some, divert me; some, deride me.

3

Mark how the Widow'd Turtle, having lost
The faithful partner of her loyal heart,
Stretches her feeble wings from coast to coast,
Haunts ev'ry path; thinks every shade doth part
Her absent Love, and her; at length unsped,
She re-betakes her to her lonely bed,
And there bewails her everlasting Widow-head.

4

So when my ſoul had progreſt ev'ry place,
That love and dear affection could contrive,
I threw me on my couch, reſolv'd t' embrace
A death for him in whom I ceas'd to live:
But there injurious Hyman did preſent
His landſkip joys; my pickled eyes did vent
Full ſtreams of Briny tears, tears never to be ſpent.

5

Whilſt thus my ſorrow-wafting ſoul was feeding
Upon the rad'cal humour of her thought,
Ev'n whilſt mine eyes were blind, and heart was bleeding
He that was ſought, unfound, was found, unſought
As if the Sun ſhould dart his orbe of light
Into the ſecrets of the black-brow'd night:
Ev'n ſo appear'd my Love, my ſole, my ſouls delight.

6

O how mine eyes now raviſh'd at the ſight
Of my bright Sun-ſhot flames of equal fire!
Ah! How my ſoul diſſolv'd with o'r-delight,
To re-enjoy the Crown of chaſt deſire!
How ſov'reign joy depos'd and diſpoſſeſt
Rebellious grief! And how my raviſh'd breaſt——
But who can preſs thoſe heights, that cannot be expreſt?

7

O how theſe arms, theſe greedy arms did twine,
And ſtrongly twiſt about his yielding waſt!
The ſappy branches of the Theſpian Vine,
Nev'r cling'd their leſs beloved Elm ſo faſt;
Boaſt not thy flames, blind boy, thy feather'd ſhot;
Let Hymens eaſie ſnarles be quite forgot:
Time cannot quench our fires, nor death diſſolve our knot.

ORIG.

ORIG. Hom. 10. in diverſ.

O moſt holy Lord! and ſweeteſt Maſter, how good art thou to thoſe that are of upright heart, and humble ſpirit! O how bleſſed are they that ſeek thee with a ſimple heart! How happy that truſt in thee! It is a moſt certain truth, that thou loveſt all that love thee, and never forſakeſt thoſe that truſt in thee: For behold thy Love ſimply ſought thee, and undoubtedly found thee: She truſted in thee, and is not forſaken of thee, but hath obtained more by thee, than ſhe expected from thee.

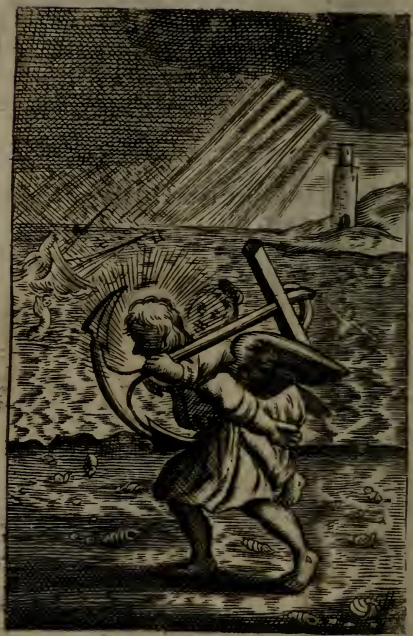
BEDA in cap. 3. Cant.

The longer I was in finding whom I ſought, the more earneſtly I held him being found.

EPIG. 12.

What? found him out? let ſtrong embraces bind him;
He'l flie perchance, where tears can never find him.
New ſins will loſe, what old repentance gains.
Wiſdom not only gets, but got retains.

XIII.



It is good for me to draw neare to the Lord, I have put my trust in y^e Lord God.
Psal: 72: 28

XIII.

PSALM. 72. 28.

It is good for me to draw near to God, I have put my truſt in the Lord God.

WHere is that Good, which wiſe-men pleaſe to call
The chiefeſt? Doth there any ſuch befal
Within mans reach? or is there ſuch a Good at all?

If ſuch there be, it neither muſt expire,
Nor change; than which there can be nothing higher:
Such good muſt be the utter point of man's deſire.

It is the Mark, to which all hearts muſt tend;
Can be deſired for no other end,
Than for it ſelf, on which all other Goods depend.

What may this Excellent be? doth it ſubſiſt
A real Eſſence clouded in the midſt
Of curious Art, or clear to ev'ry eye that liſt?

Or is't a tart Idea, to procure
An edg, and keep the practick ſoul in ure,
Like that dear Chymick duſt, or puzling Quadrature?

Where ſhall I ſeek this? Where ſhall I find
This Cath'lick pleaſure, whoſe extremes may bind
My thoughts? and fill the gulf of my inſatiate mind?

Lies it in Treaſure? In full heaps untold?
Doth gowty *Mammon*'s griping hand infold
This ſacred Saint in ſacred ſhrines of ſov'reign gold?

No, no, she lies not there; wealth often sours
In keeping; makes us hers, in seeming ours;
She slides from Heav'n indeed, but not in *Danae's* showers.

Lives she in honour? no. The Royal Crown
Builds up a creature, and then batters down:
Kings raise thee with a smile, and raze thee with a frown.

In pleasure? no. Pleasure begins in rage;
Acts the fools part on earth's uncertain stage;
Begins the play in youth, and Epilogues in age.

These, these are bastard goods; the best of these
Torment the soul with pleasing it, and please,
Like water's gulp'd in feavers with deceitful ease.

Earth's flatt'ring dainties are but sweet distresses:
Mole-hills perform the mountains she professes,
Alas, can earth confer more good than earth possesses?

Mount, mount, my soul, and let my thoughts cashier
Earth's vain delights, and make the full carier
At Heav'ns eternal joys; stop, stop, thy Courser there.

There shall thy soul possess uncareful treasure,
There shalt thou swim in never-fading pleasure:
And blaze in honour far above the frowns of *Cæsar*.

Lord, if my hope dare let her anchor fall
On thee, the chiefest Good, no need to call
For earths inferiour trash; Thou, thou art All in All.

S. AUG.

S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. cap. 13.

I follow this thing: I pursue that, but am filled with nothing. But when I found thee, who art that immutable, individed, and only good in my self, what I obtained, I wanted not; for what I obtained not, I grieved not; with what I was possest, my whole desire was satisfied.

S. BERN. Ser. 9. sup. beati qui habent, &c.

Let others pretend merit; let him brag of the burthen of the day; let him boast of his Sabbath fasts, and let him glory that he is not as other men: but for me, it is good to cleave unto the Lord, and to put my trust in my Lord God.

EPIG. 13.

Let *Boreas* blasts, and *Neptunes* waves be join'd,
Thy *Æolus* commands the waves, the wind:
Fear not the Rocks or Worlds imperious waves;
Thou climbst a Rock (my soul) a rock that saves.

XIV.

I ſat vnder the ſhadow of him whome I have deſired. Cant: 2.

XIV.

CANTICLES 2. 3.

I sat under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.

1

LOok how the sheep, whose rambling steps do stray
From the safe blessing of her Shepherds eyes,
Eftsoon becomes the unprotected prey
To the wing'd squadron of beleagring flies;
Where sweltered with the scorching beams of day,
She frisks from bush to brake, and wildly flies
From her own self, ev'n of her self afraid;
She shrouds her troubled brows in ev'ry glade,
And craves the mercy of the soft removing shade.

2

Ev'n so my wandring soul, that hath digrest
From her great Shepherd, is the hourly prey
Of all my sins. These vultures in my breast
Gripe my Promethean heart both night and day;
I hunt from place to place, but find no rest;
I know not where to go, nor where to stay:
The eye of vengeance burns, her flames invade
My swelt'ring soul: My soul hath oft assaid,
Yet she can find no shroud, but can she feel no shade.

3

I sought the shades of Mirth, to wear away
My slow pac'd hours of soul consuming grief;
I search'd the shades of sleep, to ease my day
Of griping sorrows with a nights reprief.
I sought the shades of death; thought there t'allay
My final torments with a full relief:
But mirth, nor sleep, nor death, can hide my hours
In the false shades of their deceitful bowrs;
The first distracts, the next disturbs, the last devours.

4

Where shall I turn? To whom shall I apply me?
Are there no streams where a faint Soul may wade?
Thy God-head, Jesus, are the flames that fry me;
Hath thy All-glorious Deity never a shade,
Where I may sit and vengeance never eye me,
Where I might sit refresh'd or unafraid?
Is there no comfort? Is there no refection?
Is there no cover that will give protection
T'a fainting soul, the subject of thy wraths reflexion?

5

Look up, my soul, advance the lowly stature
Of thy sad thoughts; advance thy humble eye:
See, here's a shadow found: The humane nature
Is made th'Umbella to the Deity,
To catch the Sun-beams of thy just Creator:
Beneath this covert thou maist safely lie:
Permit thine eyes to climb this fruitful tree,
As quick *Zacheus* did, and thou shalt see
A cloud of dying flesh betwixt those beams and thee.

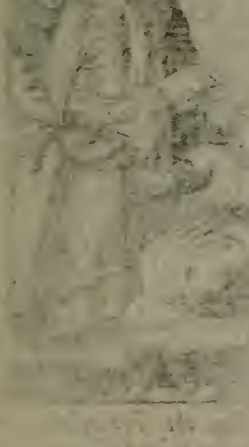
GUIL.

GUIL. in cap. 2. Cant.

Who can endure the fierce rays of the Sun of Juſtice? Who ſhall not be conſumed by his beams? Therefore the Sun of Juſtice took fleſh, that through the conjunction of that Sun and this humane body a ſhadow may be made.

S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 37.

Lord, let my ſoul flee from the ſcorching thoughts of the world, under the covert of thy wings, that being refreſhed by the moderation of thy ſhadow, ſhe may ſing merrily, In peace will I lay me down and reſt.



EPIG. 14.

Ah, treach'rous Soul, would not thy pleaſures give
That Lord, which made the living, leave to live?
See what thy ſins have done: thy ſins have made
The Sun of Glory now become thy ſhade.

XV.

How shall we sing the song of the Lord in a strange Land.

244.

XV.

PSALM. 137. 4.

How ſhall we ſing a ſong of the Lord in a ſtrange Land?

URge me no more: this airy mirth belongs
To better times: theſe times are not for ſongs.
The ſprightly twang of the melodious Lute
Agrees not with my voice: and both unſute
My untun'd fortunes: the affected meaſure
Of ſtrains, that are conſtrain'd, afford no pleaſure.
Muſick's the Child of Mirth; where griefs aſſail
The Troubled ſoul, both voice, and fingers fail:
Let ſuch as ravel out their laviſh days,
In honourable riot; that can raiſe
Dejected hearts, and conjure up a ſp'rit
Of madneſs by the Magick of delight;
Let thoſe of *Cupid*'s Hoſpital, that lie
Impatient Patients to a ſmiling eye,
That cannot reſt, until vain hope beguile
Their flatter'd torment with a wanton ſmile:
Let ſuch redeem their peace, and ſalve the wrongs,
Of froward Fortune with their frolick ſongs:
My grief, my grief's too great for ſmiling eyes
To cure, or counter-charms to exorciſe.
The Ravens diſmal croaks, the midnight howls
Of empty Wolves mixt with the ſcreech of Owls,
The nine ſad knolls of a dull paſſing Bell,
With the loud language of a nightly knell,

And horrid out-cries of revenged crimes,
Join'd in a medley's musick for these times;
These are no times to touch the merry string
Of *Orpheus*; no, these are no times to sing.
Can hide-bound Pris'ners, that have spent their souls,
And famish'd bodies in the noisome holes
Of hell black dungeons, apt their rougher throats,
Grown hoarse with begging alms, to warble notes?
Can the sad Pilgrim, that hath lost his way
In the vast desart; there condemn'd a prey
To the wild subject, or his savage King,
Rouze up his palsie smitten spirits, and sing?
Can I a Pilgrim, and a Pris'ner too,
(Alas) where I am neither known, nor know
Ought but my torments, an unransom'd stranger
In this strange climate, in a land of danger?
O, can my voice be pleasant, or my hand,
Thus made a Pris'ner to a forein land?
How can my musick relish in your ears,
That cannnot speak for sobs, nor sing for tears?
Ah, if my voice could, *Orpheus*-like, unspel
My poor *Eurydice*, my soul, from Hell
Of earth's misconstru'd Heaven, O then my breast
Should warble airs, whose rhapsodies should feast
The ears of Seraphims, and entertain
Heav'ns higheft Deity with their lofty strain,
A strain well drench'd in the true Thespian Well,
Till then, earths Semiquaver, mirth, farewel.

S. AUG.

S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 33.

O infinitely happy are those heavenly virtues which are able to praise thee in holiness and purity, with excessive sweetness, and inutterable exultation! From thence they praise thee, from whence they rejoice, because they continually see for what they rejoice, for what they praise thee: But we prest down with this burthen of flesh, far removed from thy countenance in this pilgrimage, and blown up with worldly vanities, cannot worthily praise thee: We praise thee by faith; not face to face: but those Angelical spirits praise thee face to face, and not by faith.

EPIG. 15.

Did I refuse to sing? said I these times
Were not for songs? nor musick for these climes?
It was my errour: are not grones and tears
Harmonious raptures in th'Almighty's ears?

XVI.

I charge you, o ye daughters of Ierusalem: if ye finde my beloved, that you tell him that I am sicke of love. Cant: 5. 8. 248

THE FIFTH BOOK.

I.

CANTICLES 5. 8.

I charge you, O daughters of Jeruſalem, if you find my beloved, that you tell him that I am ſick of love.

1

You holy Virgins, that ſo oft ſurround
The City's Saphire walls, whoſe ſnowy feet
Meaſure the pearly paths of ſacred ground
And trace the new Jérus'lems Jaſper ſtreet;
Ah, you whoſe care-forſaken hearts are crown'd
With your beſt wiſhes; that enjoy the ſweet
Of all your hopes; If e're you chance to ſpie
My abſent Love, O tell him that I lie
Deep wounded with the flames that furnac'd from his eye.

2

I charge you, Virgins, as you hope to hear
The heav'nly muſick of your Love'rs voice;
I charge you by the ſolemn faith you bear
To plighted vows, and to that loyal choice
Of your affections, or, if ought more dear
You hold; by Hymen, by your marriage joys,
I charge you tell him, that a flaming dart,
Shot from his eye, hath pierc'd my bleeding heart;
And I am ſick of love, and languiſh in my ſmart.

3

Tell him, O tell him, how my panting breaſt
Is ſcorch'd with flames, and how my ſoul is pin'd;
Tell him, O tell him, how I lie oppreſt
With the full torments of a troubled mind;
O tell him, tell him, that he loves in jeſt,
But I in earneſt; tell him he's unkind:
But if a diſcontented frown appears
Upon his angry brow, accoſt his ears
With ſoft and fewer words, and act the reſt in tears.

4

O tell him, that his cruelties deprive
My ſoul of peace, while peace in vain ſhe ſeeks;
Tell him, thoſe damask roſes, that did ſtrive
With white, both fade, upon my fallow cheeks;
Tell him, no token doth proclaim I live,
But tears, and ſighs, and ſobs, and ſudden ſhrieks:
Thus if your piercing words ſhould chance to bore
His hearkning ear, and move a ſigh, give o're
To ſpeak; and tell him, Tell him, that I could no more.

5

If your elegious breath ſhould hap to rouze
A happy tear, cloſe harb'ring in his eye,
Then urge his plighted faith, the ſacred vows,
Which neither I can break, nor he deny;
Bewail the torments of his loyal ſpouſe,
That for his ſake would make a ſport to dié:
O bleſſed virgins, how my paſſion tires
Beneath the burthen of her fond deſires!
Heav'n never ſhot ſuch flames, earth never felt ſuch fires!

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 40.

What shall I say? What shall I do? Whither shall I go? Where shall I seek him? Or when shall I find him? Whom shall I ask? Who will tell my beloved that I am sick of Love?

GULIEL. in cap. 5. Cant.

I live, but not I: it is my beloved that liveth in me: I love my self, not with my own love, but with the love of my beloved that loveth me: I love not my self in my self, but my self in him, and him in me.

EPIG. 1.

Grieve not (my soul) nor let thy love wax faint,
Weep'st thou to lose the cause of thy complaint?
He'll come; Love ne'r was bound to times nor laws:
Till then thy tears complain without a cause.

II.

Stay me with Flowers; Comfort mee with Apples, for I am sick of loue Cant: 2. 5.

II.

CANTICLES 2. 5.

Stay me with flowers, and comfort me with apples, for I am sick with love.

1

O Tyrant love! how doth thy sov'reign pow'r
Subject poor souls to thy imperious thrall!
They say, thy cup's compos'd of sweet and sower;
They say, thy diet's honey mixt with gall;
How comes it then to pass, these lips of ours
Still trade in bitter; taft no sweet at all?
O tyrant love! Shall our perpetual toil.
Ne'r find a Sabbath to refresh a while
Our drooping souls? Art thou all frowns, and ne'r a smile?

2

You blessed Maids of honour that frequent
The royal courts of our renown'd Jehove,
With flow'rs restore my spirits faint and spent;
O fetch me apples from Loves fruitful grove,
To cool my palate, and renew my scent,
For I am sick, for I am sick of love:
These will revive my dry, my wasted pow'rs,
And they will sweeten my unsav'ry hours;
Refresh me then with fruit, and comfort me with flow'rs.

3

O bring me apples to assuage that fire,
Which *Ætna*-like inflames my flaming breast;
Nor is it every apple I desire,
Nor that which pleases every palate best:
'Tis not the lasting Deuzan I require,
Not yet the red-cheek'd Queening I request:
Nor that which first beshrew'd the name of wife,
Nor that whose beauty caus'd the golden strife;
No, no, bring me an apple from the tree of life.

4

Virgins, tuck up your silken laps, and fill ye
With the fair wealth of *Flora*'s Magazine;
The purple violet and the pale-fac'd lilly:
The pancy and the organ colombine;
The flowring thyme, the guilt-bowl daffadilly;
The lowly pink, the lofty eglantine:
The blushing rose, the queen of flowers, and best
Of *Flora*'s beauty; but above the rest,
Let *Jesse*'s sovereign flower perfume my qualming breast.

5

Hast, Virgins, hast, for I lie weak and faint,
Beneath the pangs of love; why stand ye mute,
As if your silence neither can'd to grant;
Nor yet your language to deny my suit;
No key can lock the door of my complaint,
Until I smell this flower, or tast that fruit:
Go, Virgins, seek this tree, and search that bow'r;
O, how my soul shall bless that happy hour,
That brings to me such fruit, that brings me such a flower.

GISTEN. in cap. 2. Cant. Expos. 3.

O happy sickness, where the infirmity is not to death, but to life, that God may be glorified by it! O Happy feaver, that proceedeth not from a consuming, but a calcining fire! O Happy distemper, wherein the soul relisheth no earthly things, but only savoureth divine nourishment!

S. BERN. Serm. 51. in Cant.

By flowers understand faith; by fruit, good works: As the flower or blossom is before the fruit, so is faith before good works: So neither is the fruit without the flower, nor good works without faith.

EPIG. 2.

Why apples, O my soul? Can they remove,
The pains of grief, or ease the flames of love?
It was that fruit which gave the first offence;
That sent him hither; that remov'd him hence.

III.

My beloued is mine and I am his, hee feedeth among the Lillies. Cant: 2. 16.

III.

CANTICLES 2.16.

My beloved is mine, and I am his; He feedeth among the lillies.

1

EV'n like two little bank-dividing brooks,
That waſh the pebbles with their wanton ſtreams,
And having rang'd and ſearch'd a thouſand nooks,
Meet both at length in ſilver-breaſted Thames,
Where in a greater current they conjoyn:
So I my beſt beloveds am; ſo he is mine.

2

Ev'n ſo we met; and after long purſuit,
Ev'n ſo we joyn'd we both became entire;
No need for either to renew a ſuit,
For I was flax and he was flames of fire:
Our firm united ſouls did more than twine;
So I my beſt-beloveds am; ſo he is mine.

3

If all thoſe glitt'ring Monarchs that command
The ſervile quarters of this earthly ball,
Should tender, in exchange, their ſhares of land,
I would not change my fortunes for them all:
Their wealth is but a counter to my coyn;
The world's but theirs; but my beloved's mine.

Nay

4

Nay more; if the fair Thespian Ladies all
Should heap together their diviner treasure:
That treasure should be deem'd a price too small
To buy a minutes lease of half my pleasure;
'Tis not the sacred wealth of all the nine
Can buy my heart from him, or his, from being mine.

5

Nor Time, nor Place, nor Chance, nor Death can bow
My least desires unto the least remove;
He's firmly mine by oath; I his by vow;
He's mine by faith; and I am his by love;
He's mine by water; I am his by wind;
Thus I my best-beloveds am; thus he is mine.

6

He is mine Altar; I, his holy Place;
I am his guest; and he, my living food;
I'm his by penitence; he mine by grace;
I'm his by purchase; he is mine by blood;
He's my supporting elm; and I his vine:
Thus I my best-beloveds am; thus he is mine.

7

He gives me wealth, I give him all my vows:
I give him songs; he gives me length of days:
With wreaths of grace he crowns my conqu'ring brows:
And I his Temples with a crown of Praise,
Which he accepts an ev'rlasting sign,
That I my best beloveds am; that he is mine.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Manu. cap. 24.

O my soul stampt with the image of thy God, love him of whom thou art so much beloved: bend to him that boweth to thee, seek him that seeketh thee: Love the lover, by whose love thou art prevented, begin the cause of thy love: Be careful with those that are careful, want with those that want; be clean with the clean, and holy with the holy: Choose this friend above all friends, who when all are taken away, remaineth only faithful to thee: In the day of thy burial, when all leave thee, he will not deceive thee, but defend thee from the roaring Lions prepared for their prey.

EPIG. 3.

Sing. Hymen, to my Girl: What? lost and found?
Welcom'd, espous'd, enjoy'd so soon, and crown'd!
He did but climb the Cross, and then come down
To th' gates of hell; triumph'd and fetch'd a Crown.

IV.

I am my beloved's, & his Desire is towards mee. Cant: 7. 10. v. 260

IV.

CANTICLES 7. 10.

I am my Beloveds, and his desire is towards me.

1

Like to the Attick needle, that doth guide
The wandring shade by his magnetick pow'r,
And leaves his silken Gnomon to decide
The question of the controverted hour,
First franticks up and down, from side to side
And restless beats his crystal'd Iv'ry case,
With vain impatience; jets from place to place,
And seeks the bosome of his frozen bride,
At length he slacks his motion, and doth rest
His trembling point at his bright Poles beloved breast.

2

Ev'n so my soul, being hurried here and there,
By ev'ry object that presents delight,
Fain would be settled, but she knows not where;
She likes at morning what she loaths at night:
She bows to honour; then she lends an ear
To that sweet swan-like voice of dying pleasure,
Then tumbles in the scatter'd heaps of treasure;
Now flatter'd with false hope; now foyl'd with fear:
Thus finding all the worlds delight to be
But empty toys, good God, she points alone to thee.

But

3

But hath the virtued steel a power to move?
Or can the untouch'd needle point aright;
Or can my wandring thoughs forbear to rove,
Unguided by the vertue of thy sp'rit?
O hath my leaden soul the art t' improve
Her wasted talent, and unras'd, aspire
In this sad moulting time of her desire?
Not first belov'd have I the power to love;
I cannot stir, but as thou please to move me,
Nor can my heart return thee love, until thou love me.

4

The still commandress of the silent night
Borrows her beams from her bright brothers eye;
His fair aspect fills her sharp horns with light,
If he withdraw her flames are quench'd and die:
Ev'n so the beams of her enlightning sp'rit
Infus'd and shot into my dark desire,
Inflame my thoughts, and fill my soul with fire,
That I am ravish'd with a new delight;
But if thou shroud thy face, my glory fades,
And I remain a *Nothing*, all compos'd of shades.

5

Eternal God! O thou that only art
The sacred Fountain of eternal light,
And blessed Load-stone of my better part,
O thou my hearts desire, my souls delight,
Reflect my soul, and touch my heart,
And then my heart shall prize no good above thee;
And then my soul shall know thee: knowing, love thee;
And then my trembling thoughts shall never start
From thy commands, or swerve the least degree,
Or once presume to move, but as they move in thee.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 25.

If Man can love man with so entire affection, that the one can scarce brook the others absence? if a bride can be joyned to her bride-groom with so great an ardency of mind, that for the extremity of love she can enjoy no rest, not suffering his absence without great anxiety, with what affection, with what fervency ought the soul whom thou hast espoused by faith and compassion, to love thee her true God, and glorious bridegroom?

EPIG. 4.

My soul, thy love is dear: 'Twas thought a good
And eatie pen'worth of thy Saviours blood:
But be not proud; All matters rightly scann'd,
'Twas over-bought: 'Twas sold at second hand.

V.

My Soule melted, when my beloved spake. Cant. 5. 6. 264

V.

CANTICLES 5. 6.

My Soul melted whil'ſt my Beloved ſpake.

Ord, has the feeble voice of fleſh and blood
The power to work thine ears into a flood
t melted mercy? or the ſtrength t'unlock
he gates of Heav'n and to diſſolve a rock
f marble-clouds into a morning ſhow'r?
r hath the breath of whining duſt the pow'r
o ſtop or ſnatch a falling Thunder-bolt
om thy fierce hand, and make thy hand revolt
om reſolute confuſion, and inſtead
f viols, pour full bleſſings on our head?
r ſhall the wants of famiſh'd Ravens cry,
nd move thy mercy to a quick ſupply?
r ſhall the ſilent ſuits of drooping flow'rs
oo thee for drops, and be refreſh'd with ſhow'rs?
as, what marvel then, great God, what wonder
thy hell-rouzing voice, that ſplits in ſunder
he brazen portals of eternal death;
hat number if that life-reſtoring breath
hich dragg'd me from the infernal ſhades of night,
ould melt my raviſh'd ſoul with o'er-delight?
can my frozen gutters chooſe but run,
nat feel the warmth of ſuch a glorious Sun?
ethinks his language like a flaming arrow
oth pierce my bones, and melts their wounded marrow.

Thy flames, O *Cupid* (though the joyful heart
Feels neither tang of grief, nor feats the ſmart
Of jealous doubts, but drunk with full deſires)
Are torments, weigh'd with theſe celeſtial fires;
Pleaſures that raviſh in ſo high a meaſure,
That O I languiſh in exceſs of pleaſure:
What raviſh'd heart, that feels theſe melting joys,
Would not deſpiſe and loath the treach'rous toys
Of dunghil earth? What ſoul would not be proud
Of wry-mouth'd ſcorns, the worſt that fleſh and blood
Had rancor to deviſe? Who would not bear
The world's deriſion with a thankful ear?
What palat would refuſe full bowls of ſpight,
To gain a minutes taſte of ſuch delight?
Great ſpring of light, in whom there is no ſhade
But what my interpoſed ſins have made.
Whoſe narrow melting fires admit no ſcreen
But what my own rebellions put between
Their precious flames and my obdurate ear?
Diſperſe this plague diſtilling clouds, and clear
My mungy ſoul into a glorious day;
Tranſplant this ſcreen, remove this bar away,
Then, then my fluent ſoul ſhall feel the fires
Of thy ſweet voice, and my diſſolv'd deſires
Shall turn a ſov'reign balſome, to make whole
Thoſe wounds my ſins inflicted on thy ſoul.

S. AUGUS

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. cap. 34.

What fire is this that so warmeth my heart? What light is this that so enlightneth my soul? O fire, that always burneth, and never goes out, kindle me: O light, which ever shinest, and art never darkned, illuminate me: O that I had my heat from thee, most holy fire! How sweetly dost thou burn? How secretly dost thou shine? How desiredly dost thou inflame me?

BONAVENT. Stim. amoris, cap. 8.

It maketh God man, and man God; things temporal, eternal; mortal, immortal; it maketh an enemy, a friend; a servant, a son; vile things, glorious; cold hearts, fiery; and hard thongs, liquid.

EPIG. 5.

My soul, thy gold is true, but full of dross;
Thy Saviours breath refines thee with some loss:
His gentle furnace makes thee pure as true;
Thou must be melted e're th'art cast anew.

VI.

Whom haue I in heaven but thee, & w.t
desire I on earth in respect of thee Ps: 73

F. H. v. Howe Sculp:

VI.

PSALM 73. 25.

Whom have I in Heaven but thee? and what desire I on earth in respect of thee?

1

I Love (and have some cause to love:) the earth:
She is my Makers creature; therefore good:
She is my Mother, for she gave me birth;
She is my tender Nurse; she gives me food;
But what's a Creature, Lord compar'd with thee?
Or what's my Mother, or my Nurse to me?

2

I love the Air: her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;
Her shril-mouth'd quire sustain me with their flesh,
And with their Polyphonian notes delight me:
But what's the Air, or all the sweets, that she
Can bless my soul withal, compar'd to thee?

3

I love the Sea: She is my fellow-Creature,
My careful purveyour; she provides me store:
She walls me round; she makes my diet greater;
She wafts my treasure from a forreign shore:
But Lord of Oceans, when compar'd with thee,
What is the Ocean, or her wealth to me,

4

To heav'ns high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye;
Mine eye, by contemplations great Atturney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the skie:
But what is Heav'n, great God compar'd to Thee?
Without thy presence Heav'n's no Heav'n to me.

5

Without thy presence Earth gives no refection;
Without thy presence Sea affords no treasure;
Without thy presence Air's a rank infection;
Without thy presence Heav'n it self's no pleasure;
If not possess'd, if not enjoy'd in thee,
What's Earth, or Sea, or Air, or Heav'n to me?

6

The highest honour, that the world can boast,
Are subjects far too low for my desire;
The brightest beams of glory are (at most)
But dying sparkles of thy living fire:
The proudest flames that earth can kindle, be
But nightly Glow-worms if compar'd to thee.

7

Without thy presence, Wealth are bags of cares;
Wisdom, but folly; Joy, disquiet sadness:
Friendship is treason, and Delights are snares;
Pleasures but pain, and Mirth but pleasing madness:
Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
Nor have their being, When compar'd with thee.

8

In having all things, and not thee, what have I?
Not having thee, what have my labours got?
Let me enjoy but thee, what farther crave I?
And having thee alone, what have I not?
I wish nor Sea, nor Land; nor would I be
Possest of Heav'n, Heav'n unpossest of thee.

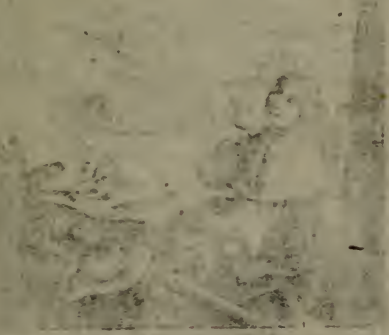
BONAV

BONAVENT. Solioqu. Cap. 1.

Alas! My God, now I understand (but blush to confess) that the beauty of thy Creatures hath deceived mine eyes, and I have not observed that thou art more amiable then all the Creatures; to which thou hast communicated but one drop of thy inestimable beauty: For who hath adorned the Heavens with stars? Who hath stored the air with fowl, the waters with fish, the earth with plants and flowers? But what are all these but a small spark of divine beauty.

S. CHRYS. Hom. 5. in Ep. ad Rom.

In having nothing I have all things, because I have Christ Having therefore all things in him, I seek no other reward; for he is the universal reward.



EPIG. 6.

Who would not throw his better thoughts about him,
And scorn this drosse within him; that without him?
Cast up (my soul) thy clearer eye; Behold,
If thou be fully melted, there's the mold.

VII.

Woe is me that I am constrained to dwell with Mesech: to haue my habitation among the Tents of Cedar Psal: 120. 4. F.H. van Hoveskerk.

VII.

PSALM. 120. 5.

Woe is to me, that I remain in Meſheck, and dwell in the tents of Kedar!

IS Natures courſe diſſolv'd? doth times glaſs ſtand?
Or hath ſome frolick heart ſet back the hand
Of Fates perpetual Clock? Will't never ſtrike?
Is crazy Time grown lazy, faint or ſick,
With very Age? Or hath that great Pair-royal
Of Adamantine ſiſters late made trial
Of ſome new trade? Shall mortal hearts grow old
In ſorrow? Shall my weary arms infold,
And underprop my panting ſides for ever?
Is there no charitable hand will ſever
My well-ſprung thred, that my impriſon'd ſoul
May be deliver'd from this dull dark hole
Of dungeon fleſh? O ſhall I, ſhall I never
Be ranſom'd, but remain a ſlave for ever?
It is the lot of man but once to die,
But e're that death, how many deaths have I?
What human madneſs makes the world afraid
To entertain heav'ns joys, becauſe convey'd
By th' hand of death? Will nakedneſs refuſe
Rich change of Robes, becauſe the man's not ſpruſe
That brought them? Or will poverty ſend back
Full bags of gold, becauſe the bringers black?
Life is a bubble, blown with whining breaths,
Fill'd with the torment of a thouſand deaths;

Which

Which being prick'd by death (while death deprives
One life) presents the soul a thousand lives:
O frantick mortal, how hath earth bewitch'd
Thy bedlam soul, which hath so fondly pitch'd
Upon her false delights! Delights that cease
Before enjoyments finds a time to please:
Her fickle joys breed doubtful fears; her fears
Bring hopeful griefs; her griefs weep fearful tears!
Tears coyn deceitful hopes; hopes careful doubt,
And surly passion justles passion out:
To day we pamper with a full repast
Of lavish mirth, at night we weep as fast:
To night we swim in wealth, and lend; to morrow,
We sink in want, and find no friend to borrow,
In what a climate doth my soul reside?
Where palefac'd murther, the first born of pride,
Sets up her kingdom in the very smiles.
And plighted faiths of men like Crocodiles!
A land, where each embroyd'red sattin word
Is lin'd with fraud; where *Mars* his lawless sword
Exiles *Astræa*'s balance; where that hand
Now slayes his brother, that new sow'd his land;
O that my days of bondage would expire
In this lewd soyl! Lord, how my soul's on fire
To be dissolv'd, that I might once obtain
These long'd for joyes, long'd for so oft in vain!
If *Moses* like I may not live possest
Of his fair land; Lord, let me see't at least.

S. AUG.

S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. cap. 12.

My life is a frail life; a corruptible life; a life, which the more it increaseth, the more it decreaseth: The farther it goeth, the nearer it cometh to death. A deceitful life, and like a shadow full of the snares of death: Now I rejoice, now I languish, now I flourish, now infirm, now I live, and straight I die; now I seem happy, always miserable; now I laugh, now I weep: Thus all things are subject to mutability, that nothing continueth an hour in one estate: O joy above joy, exceeding all joy without which there is no joy, when shall I enter into thee, that I may see my God that dwelleth in thee?

EPIG 7.

Art thou so weak? O canst thou not digest
An hour of travel for an night of rest?
Chear up my soul, Call home thy sp'rits, and bear
One bad good-friday, full mouth'd Easter's near.

VIII.

O wretched Man that I am who shall deliver me from the body of this death

VIII.

ROM. 7. 24.

O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?

BEhold thy darling, which thy luſtful care
Pampers for which thy reſtleſs thoughts prepare
Such early cares; for whom thy bubbling brow
So often ſweats, and bankrupt eyes do ow
Such midnight ſcores to nature, for whoſe ſake
Baſe earth is ſainted, the infernal lake
Unfear'd, the Crown of glory poorly rated:
Thy God neglected, and thy Brother hated;
Behold thy darling, whom thy ſoul affects
So dearly; whom thy fond indulgence decks
And puppets up in ſoft, in ſilken weeds:
Behold the darling, whom thy fondneſs feeds
With far-fetch'd delicates, the dear bought gains
Of ill-ſpent time, the price of half my pains:
Behold thy darling, who, when clad by thee,
Derides thy nakedneſs; and when moſt free,
Proclaims her lover ſlave; and being fed
Moſt full, then ſtrikes th' indulgent feeder dead,
What means thou thus, my poor deluded ſoul,
To love ſo fondly? Can the burning cole
Of thy affection laſt without the fuel
Of counter-love? Is thy compeer ſo cruel,
And thou ſo kind, to love unlov'd again?
Canſt thou ſow favours, and thus reap diſdain?

Remember,

Remember, O rem·mber, thou art born
Of royal blood; remember thou art sworn
A Maid of Honour in the Court of Heaven;
Remember what a costly price was given
To ransome thee from slav'ry thou wert in:
And wilt thou now, my soul, turn slave again?
The Son and Heir to Heav'n's Tri-une JEHOVE
Would fain become a suter for thy love,
And offers for thy dow'r his fathers Throne,
To sit for Seraphims to gaze upon;
He'l give thee Honour, Pleasure, Wealth, and Things
Transcending far the Majesty of Kings:
And wilt thou prostrate to the odious charms
Of this base scullion? Shall his hollow arms
Hug thy soft sides? Shall these course hands untie
The sacred Zone of thy virginity?
For shame degen'rous soul, let thy desire
Be quickned up with more heroick fire;
Be wisely proud, let thy ambitious eye
Read nobler objects; let thy thoughts defie
Such am'rous baseness; let thy soul disdain
Th'gnoble profers of so base a swain;
Or if thy vows be past, and Hymans bands
Have ceremonied your unequal hands,
Annul, at least avoid, thy lawless act
With insufficiency, or precontract:
Or if the act be good, yet maist thou plead
A second freedom; or the flesh is dead.

NAZIANZ.

NAZIANZ. Orat. 16.

How I am joyn'd to this body I know not; which when it is healthful, provoketh me to war, and being damaged by war, affecteth me with grief; which I both love as a fellow servant, and hate as an utter enemy: It is a pleasant foe, and a perfidious friend. O strange conjunction and alienation: What I fear I embrace, and what I love I am afraid of? before I make war, I am reconciled; before I enjoy peace I am at variance.

EPIG. 8.

What need that house be daub'd with flesh and blood?
Hang'd round with silks and gold? repair'd with food?
Cost idly spent! That cost doth but prolong
Thy thraldome. Fool, thou mak'st thy jail too strong.

IX.

I am in a Streight betwixt two haueing a Desire to Depart & to be wth Christ.
Phil. 1.23. *F. H. van. Hove. sculp.*

IX.

PHILIPPIANS 1. 23.

I am in a straight between two: having a desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ.

1

WHat meant our careful parents so to wear,
And lavish out their ill extended hours,
To purchase for us large possessions here,
Which (though unpurchas'd) are too truly ours?
What meant they, ah, what meant they to endure
Such loads of needless labour to procure
And make that thing our own, which was our own too sure.

2

What mean these liv'ries and possessive keyes?
What mean these bargains, and these needless sales?
What need these jealous, these suspicious ways
Of law-devis'd and law-dissolv'd entails?
No need to sweat for gold, wherewith to buy
Estates of high-priz'd land; no need to tie
Earth to their heirs, were they but clogg'd with earth, as I.

3

O were their souls but clogg'd with earth, as I,
They would not purchase with so salt an itch;
They would not take of alms, what now they buy?
Nor call him happy, whom the world counts rich;
They would not take such pains, project and prog,
To charge their shoulders with so great a log:
Who hath the greater lands, hath but the greater clog.

4

I cannot do an act which earth disdains;
I cannot think a thought which earth corrupts not;
I cannot speak a word which earth profanes not
I cannot make a vow earth interprets not:
If I but offer up an early groan,
Or spread my wings to Heav'ns long-long'd for throne
She darkens my complaints, and draggs my offring down.

5

Ev'n like the hawk, (whose keepers wary hands
Have made a pris'ner to her wethring stock)
Forgetting quite the pow'r of her fast bands,
Makes a rank bate from her forsaken block,
But her to faithful leash doth soon retain
Her broken flight, attempted oft in vain;
It gives her loins a twich, and tuggs her back again.

6

So, when my soul directs her better eye
To Heav'ns bright Palace (where my treasure lies)
I spread my willing wings, but cannot flie,
Earth hales me down, I cannot, cannot rise:
When I but strive to mount the least degree,
Earth gives a jerk, and foils me on my knee;
Lord, how my soul is rack'd betwixt the world and thee!

7

Great God, I spread my feeble wings in vain;
In vain I offer my extended hands:
I cannot mount till thou unlink my chain:
I cannot come till thou release my bands:
Which if thou please to break, and then supply
My wings with spirit, th' Eagle shall not flie
A pitch that's half so fair, nor half so swift as I.

BONAVENT. Soliloq. Cap. 1.

Ah sweet Jesus, pierce the marrow of my soul with the healthful shafts of thy love, that it may truly burn and melt and languish with the only desire of thee; that it may desire to be dissolved, and to be with thee: Let it hunger alone for the bread of life: Let it thirst after thee, the spring and fountain of eternal light, the stream of true pleasure: let it always, desire thee, seek thee, and find thee, and sweetly rest in thee.

EPIG. 4.

What? will thy shackles neither loose nor break,
Are they too strong, or is thy arm too weak?
Art will prevail where knotty strength denies;
My soul, there's *Aqua fortis* in thine eyes.

X.

Bring my Soule out of Prison that I may Praise thy Name Ps: 14 2.7.

F.H.Van.Hove.Sculp:

X.

PSALM. 142. 7.

Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy Name.

MY Soul is like a Bird, my flesh the cage,
Wherein she wears her weary pilgrimage
Of hours, as few as evil, daily fed
With sacred Wine, and Sacramental Bread;
The keyes that lock her in, and let her out,
Are Birth and Death; 'twixt both she hops about
From pearch to pearch, from sense to reason; then
From higher reason down to sense again:
From sense she climbs to Faith; where for a season
She sits and sings; then down again to reason:
From reason back to faith, and streight from thence
She rudely flutters to the perch of sense:
From sence to hope; then hops from hope to doubt,
From doubt, to to dull despair; there seeks about
For desp'rate freedom, and at ev'ry grate,
She wildly thrusts, and beggs th' untimely date
Of the unexpired thraldom, to release
Th' afflicted captive, that can find no peace.
Thus am I coop'd within this fleshly cage
I wear my youth, and waste my weary age,
Spending that breath which was ordain'd to chaunt
Heav'ns praises forth, in sighs, and sad complaint:
Whilst happier birds can spread their nimble wing
From shrubs to Cedars, and there chirp anp sing,

In choice of raptures, harmonious ſtory
Of mans Redemption, and his Makers glory :
You glorious Martyrs, you illuſtrious ſcoops,
That once were cloyſter'd in your fleſhly coops,
As fair as I, what rhet'rick had your tongues?
What dextrous Art had your Elegiac ſongs?
What *Paul-like* pow'r had your admir'd devotion
What ſhackle, breaking faith infus'd ſuch motion
To your ſtrong prayer, that could obtain the boon
To be enlarg'd ; to be uncag'd ſo ſoon?
What I, poor I, can ſing my daily tears,
Grown old in bondage, and can find no ears:
You great partakers of eternal glory,
That with your Heav'n-prevailing Oratory,
Releas'd your ſouls from your terreſtrial cage,
Permit the paſſion of my holy rage
To recommend my ſorrows, dearly known
To you, in days of old, and once your own.
To your beſt thoughts, (but oh't doth not befit ye
To move your pray'rs ; you love joy, not pittie :)
Great Lord of ſouls to whom ſhould priſ'ners flie,
But thee? Thou haſt a cage as well as I ;
And for my ſake, thy pleaſure was to know
The ſorrows that it brought, and felt'ſt them too ;
O ſet me free and I will ſpend thoſe days,
Which now I waſte in begging, in thy praiſe.

ANSELM.

ANSELM. in Protolog. cap. 1.

O miserable condition of mankind, that has lost that for which he was created! Alas, what hath he lost? And what hath he found? He hath lost happiness for which he was made, and found misery for which he was not made: What is gone? And what is left? That thing is gone, without which he is unhappy? That thing is left by which he is miserable: O wretched men! From whence are we expelled? To what are we impelled? Whence are we thrown? And whither are we hurried? From our home into banishment; from the sight of God into our own blindness; from the pleasure of immortality to the bitterness of death: Miserable change! From how great a good, to how great an evil? Ah me, what have I enterprised? What have I done? Whether did I go? Whether am I come?

EPIG. 10.

Pauls midnight-voice prevail'd; his musicks thunder
Unhing'd the prison-doors, split bolts in sunder:
And sitt'st thou here, and hang'st the feeble wing?
And whin'st to be enlarg'd? Soul, learn to sing.

XI.

As the Hart panteth after the waterbrooks
So panteth my soule after thee O Lord.

F.H.Van.Hove Sculp.

XI.

PSALM. 24. 2.

As the Heart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

1

HOw shall my tongue expres that hallow'd fire
Which Heav'n hath kindled in my ravish'd heart?
What Muse shall I invoke, that will inspire
My lowly quill to act a lofty part!
What Art shall I devise t' express desire,
Too intricate to be expres'd by Art!
Let all the Nine be silent; I refuse
Their aid in this high task, for they abuse
The flames of love too much: Assist me, *Davids* Muse.

2

Not as the thirsty soil desires soft show'rs
To quicken and refresh her Embrion grain;
Nor as the drooping crests of fading flow'rs
Requests the bounty of a morning rain,
Do I desire my God: These in few hours,
Re-wish what late their wishes did obtain,
But as the swift-foot Hart doth wounded flie
To th' much desired streams, even so do I
Pant after thee, my God, whom I must find, or die.

Before

3

Before a pack of deep-mouth'd luſts I flee;
O, they have ſingled out my panting heart,
And wanton *Cupid*, ſitting in a tree,
Hath pierc'd my boſome with a flaming dart;
My ſoul being ſpent, for refuge ſeeks to thee,
But cannot find where thou my refuge art:
Like as the ſwift-foot Hart doth wounded flie
To the deſired ſtreams, ev'n ſo do I
Pant after thee, my God, whom I muſt find, or die.

4

At length by flight, I over-went the pack;
Thou drew'ſt the wanton dart from out my wound
The blood that follow'd, left a purple track,
Which brought a Serpent, but in ſhape a Hound;
We ſtrove, he bit me; but thou break'ſt his back,
I left him grov'ling on th' envenom'd ground;
But as the Serpent-bitten Hart doth flie
To the long-long'd for ſtreams, ev'n ſo did I
Pant after thee, my God, whom I muſt find, or die.

5

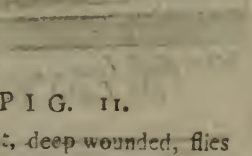
If Luſt ſhould chaſe my ſoul, made ſwift by fright,
Thou art the ſtream, whereto my ſoul is bound:
Or if a Jav'lin wound my ſides in flight,
Thou art the Balſom that muſt cure my wound:
If poyſon chance t' infeſt my ſoul in fight,
Thou art the Treacle that muſt make me ſound:
Ev'n as the wounded Hart, emboſt, doth flie
To th' ſtreams extreamly long'd for, ſo do I.
Pant after thee, my God, whom I muſt find, or die.

CYRIL. lib. 5. in Joh. cap. 10.

O precious water, which quencheth the noysome thirst of this world, scoureth all the stains of sinners, that watereth the earth of our souls with heavenly showers, and bringeth back the thirsty heart of man to his only God!

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. 35.

O fountain of life, and vein of living waters, when shall I leave this forsaken, impassible, and dry earth, and taste the waters of thy sweetness, that I may behold thy virtue and thy glory, and slack my thirst with the streams of thy mercy; Lord, I thirst: Thou art the spring of life, satisfie me; I thirst Lord, I thirst after thee the living God!



EPIG. 11.

The arrow smitten Hart, deep wounded, flies
To th' springs with water in his weeping eyes:
Heav'n is thy spring: if Satans fiery dart
Pierce thy faint sides: Do so, my wounded Heart.

XII.

When shall I come and appeare before the Lord. Ps. 42. 2.

292.

XII.

PSALM 42. 2.

When shall I come and appear before God:

WHat is my soul the better to be tin'd
With holy fire? What boots it to be coyn'd
With Heavens own stamp? What vantage can there be
To souls of Heav'n-descended pedigree,
More, then to beast that grovel? Are not they
Fed by th' Almighties hand? And ev'ry day,
Fill'd with his blessings too? Do they not see
God in his Creatures, as direct as we?
Do they not taste thee? Hear thee? Nay, what sense
Is not partaker of thine Excellence?
What more do we? Alas, what serves our reason,
But, like dark-lanthorns, to accomplish treason
With greater closeness? It affords no light,
Brings thee no nearer to our pur-blind sight:
No pleasure rises up thee least degree,
Great God, but in the clearer-view of thee:
What priv'ledge more then sense hath reason then?
What vantage is it to be born, a man?
How often hath my patience built, dear Lord,
Vain towers of hope upon thy gracious Word?
How often hath thy Hope-reviving Grace
Woo'd my suspicious eyes to seek thy face?
How often have I sought thee? O how long
Hath expectation taught my perfect tongue
Repeated pray'rs, yet pray'rs could ne'r obtain;
In vain I seek thee, and I beg in vain;

If

If it be high presumption to behold
Thy face, why didst thou make mine eyes so bold
To seek it? If that object, be too bright
For mans aspect, why did thy lips invite
Mine eye t' expect it? If it might be seen,
Why is this envious curtain drawn between
My darkned eye and it? O tell me, why
Thou dost command the thing thou dost deny;
Why dost thou give me so unpriz'd a treasure.
And then deny't my greedy soul the pleasure
To view my gift: Alas, that gift is void,
And is no gift, that may not be enjoy'd:
If those refulgent beams of Heavens great light
Guild not the day, what is the day, but night?
The drowzy shepherd sleeps; flowrs droop and fade;
The birds are sullen, and the beasts is sad:
But if bright *Titan* dart his golden ray,
And, with his riches, glorifie the day,
The jolly shepherd pipes; flowrs freshly spring;
The beasts grown gamesome, and the birds they sing,
Thou art my Sun, great God: O when shall I
View the full beams of thy Meridian eye?
Draw, draw this fleshly courtain, that denies
The gracious presence of thy glorious eyes;
Or give me faith; and by the eye of grace,
I shall behold thee, though not face to face.

S. AUGUST. in. Pſal. 39.

Who created all things is better than all things; who beautified all things is more beautiful than all things: Who made ſtrength is ſtronger than all things: Who made great things is greater than all things: Whatſoever thou loveſt, he is that to thee: Learn to love the workman in his work, the Creatour in his creature: Let not that which was made by him poſſeſs thee, leſt thou loſe him by whom thy ſelf was made.

S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 37.

O thou moſt ſweet, moſt gracious, moſt amiable, moſt fair, when ſhall I ſee thee? When ſhall I be ſatisfied with thy beauty? When wilt thou lead me from this dark dungeon, that I may confeſs thy name.

EPIG. 12.

How art thou ſhaded in this veil of night,
Behind thy curtain fleſh? Thou ſeeſt no light,
But what thy pride doth challenge, as her own;
Thy fleſh is high: Soul, take this curtain down.

XIII.

Oh ỳ I had ỳ^e Wings of a Dove for then I would̄ fly away and be at rest Ps: 55: 8.

XIII.

PSALM. 55. 6.

O that I had the wings of a Dove, for then I would flie away and be at reſt!

1

AND am I ſworn a dunghil-ſlave for ever
To earth's baſe drudg'ry? ſhall I never find
A night of reſt? ſhall my Indentures never
Be cancell'd? did injurious Nature bind
My ſoul earth's prentice, with no clauſe to leave her?
No day of freedom: muſt I ever grind;
O that I had the pinions of a Dove,
That I might quit my bands and ſore above,
And pour my juſt complaints before the great Jehove!

2

How happy are the Doves, that have the pow'r
When e're they pleaſe, to ſpread their airy wings!
Or cloud-dividing Eagles, that can towre
Above the ſcent of theſe inferiour things!
How happy is the Lark, that ev'ry hour
Leaves earth, and then for joy mounts up and ſings!
Had my dull ſoul but wings as well as they,
How I would ſpring from earth, and clip away!
As wiſe *Aſtrea* did, and ſcorn this ball of clay.

3

O how my ſoul would ſpurn this ball of clay,
And loath the dainties of earth's painful pleaſure?
O how I'de laugh to ſee men night and day
Turmoil, to gain that traſh, they call their treaſure!
O how I'de ſmile to ſee what plots they lay
To catch a blaſt, or own a ſmile from *Cæſar*!
Had I the pinions of a mounting Dove,
How I would ſoar and ſing, and hate the love
Of tranſitory toys, and feed on joys above!

4

There ſhould I find that everlaſting pleaſure, (not;
Which change removes not, and which chance prevents
There ſhould I find that everlaſting treaſure,
Which force deprives not, fortune diſaugments not;
There ſhould I find that everlaſting *Cæſar*,
Whoſe hand recalls not, and whoſe heart repents not;
Had I the pinions of a clipping Dove,
How I would climb the ſkies, and hate the love
Of tranſitory toys, and joy in things above!

5

No rank mouth'd ſlander there ſhall give offence,
Or blaſt our blooming names, as here they do;
No liver-ſcalding luſt ſhall there incenſe
Our boiling veins. There is no *Cupid*'s bow;
Lord, give my ſoul the milk-white innocence
Of Doves, and I ſhall have their pinions too:
Had I the pinions of a ſprightly Dove,
How I would quit this earth, and ſoar above
And Heav'ns bleſt kingdom find, with Heav'ns bleſt King (Jehove.

S. AUG.

S. AUGUST. in Pſal. 138.

What wings ſhould I deſire, but the two precepts of love, on which the Law, and the Prophets depend! O if I could obtain theſe wings, I could fly from thy face to thy face, from the face of thy Juſtice to the face of thy Mercy: Let us find thoſe wings by love, which we have loſt by luſt.

S. AUGUST. in Pſal. 76.

Let us caſt off whatſoever hindereth, entangleth, or burdeneth our flight, until we attain that which ſatisfieth; beyond which, nothing is; beneath which, all things are; of which all things are:

EPIG. 13.

Tell me, my wiſhing ſoul, did'ſt ever trie
How faſt the wings of red croſt faith can flie?
Why begg'ſt thou then the pinions of a Dove?
Faiths wings are ſwifter, but the ſwifteſt love.

XV.

How amiable are thy Tabernacles O Lord of Hosts, my Soule longeth, yea even fainteth for the courts of the Lord. P. 32.

XIV.

PSALM 84. 1.

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O God of Hosts!

ANtient of days to whom all times are Now,
Before whose Glory Seraphims do bow
Their blushing cheeks, and veil their blemish'd faces,
That, uncontain'd, at once doth fill all places;
How glorious, O how far beyond the height
Of puz'léd quils, or the obtuse conceit
Of flesh and blood, or the too flat reports
Of mortal tongues are thy expresless courts!
Whose glory to paint forth with greater Art,
Ravish my fancy, and inspire my heart;
Excuse my bold attempt, and pardon me
For shewing sense, what Faith alone should see.
Ten thousand millions, and ten thousand more
Of Angel-measured leagues, from th' Eastern shore
Of dungeon-earth his glorious Palace stands,
Before whose pearly gates ten thousand bands
Of armed Angles wait to entertain
Those purged souls, for which the Lamb was slain;
Whose guiltless death and voluntary yielding
Of whose given life, gave the brave court her building;
The luke warm blood of this dear Lamb being spilt:
To rubies turn'd whereof her posts were built;
And what dropp'd down in a kind gelid gore,
Did turn rich Saphyres, and did pave her floor:

The brighter flames, that from his eye-balls ray'd,
Grew Chrysolites, whereof her walls were made:
The milder glances sparkled on the ground,
And groundsild every door with Diamond;
But dying, darted upwards, and did fix
A battlement of pureſt Sardonix.
Her ſtreets with burniſh'd gold are paved round,
Stars lye like pebbles ſcatt'red on the ground:
Pearl mixt with Onyx, and the Jaſper ſtone,
Made gravell'd cauſe-ways to be trampled on.
There ſhines no Sun by day, no Moon by night,
The Palace glory is the Palace light:
There is no time to meaſure motion by,
Their Time is ſwallow'd with Eternity:
Wry-mouth'd Diſdain, and corner hunting Luſt,
And twy fac'd Fraud, and beetle-brow'd Diſtruſt
Soul-boyling Rage, and trouble ſtate Sedition,
And giddy Doubt, and goggle-ey'd Suſpition,
And lumpiſh Sorrow, and degen'rous Fear
Are baniſh'd thence, and Death's a ſtranger there:
But ſimple Love, and ſempiternal Joys
Whoſe ſweetneſs neither gluts nor fulneſs cloys;
Where face to face our raviſh'd eye ſhall ſee
Great E L O H I M, that glorious One in Three,
And Three in One, and ſeeing him ſhall bleſs him,
And bleſſing, love him, and in love poſſeſs him,
Here ſtay my ſoul and raviſh in relation:
The words being ſpent, ſpend now in contemplation.

S. GREG.

S. GREG. in Pſal. 7. pœnitent.

Sweet Jeſus, the Word of the Father, the brightneſs of paternal glory, whom Angles delight to view, teach me to do thy will; that led by thy good Spirit, I may come to that bleſſed City, where day is eternal, where there is certain ſecurity, and ſecure eternity, and eternal peace, and peaceful happineſs, and happy ſweetneſs, and ſweet pleaſure; where thou, O God, with the Father and the holy Spirit liveſt and reigneſt world without end.

Ibidem.

There is light without darkneſs; joy without grief; deſire without puniſhment; love without ſadneſs; ſatiety without loathing; ſafty without fear; health without diſeaſe; and life without death.

EPIG. 14.

My ſoul, pry not too nearly; the complexion
Of *Sols* bright face is ſeen by reflection:
But would'ſt thou know what's Heav'n? I'l tell thee what,
Think what thou canſt not think, and Heav'n is that,

XV.

Make haſt my beloved and be thou like to a Roe, or to a young Hart upon ye Mountaines of ſpices. Cant: 8: 14.

XV.

CANTICLES 8. 14.

Make haſt, my Beloved, and be like the Roe, or the young Hart upon the mountains of Spices.

GO, gentle tyrant, go; thy flames do pierce;
My ſoul too deep; thy flames are too too fierce;
My marrow melts, my fainting ſpirits fry
I' th' torrid Zone of thy Meridian eye.
Away, away, thy ſweets are too perfuming:
Turn, turn thy face, thy fires are too conſuming:
Haſt hence, and let thy winged ſteps out-go
The frighted Ro-buck, and this flying Roe.
But wilt thou leave me then? O thou that art
Life of my ſoul, ſoul of my dying heart,
Without the ſweet aſpect of whoſe fair eyes?
My ſoul doth languiſh, and her ſolace dies,
Art thou ſo eaſily woo'd? ſo apt to hear
The frantick language of my fooliſh fear?
Leave, leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;
Look, look upon me, though thine eyes o'recome me.
O how they wound! But how my wounds content me!
How ſweetly theſe delightful pains torment me!
How I am tortur'd in exceſſive meaſure
Of pleaſing cruelties too cruel meaſure!
Turn, turn away, remove thy ſcorching beams;
I languiſh with theſe bitter-ſweet extreams:

Haſt

Haſte then, and let thy winged ſteps out-go
The flying Ro-buck, and his frighted Ro.
Turn back, my dear; O let my raviſh'd eye
Once more behold thy face before thou fly;
What ſhall we part without a mutual kiſs?
O who can leave ſo ſweet a face as this?
Look full upon me; for my ſoul deſires
To turn a holy Martyr in thoſe fires:
O leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;
Look, look upon me, though thy flames ov'rcome me.
If thou beclond the Sun-ſhine of thy eye,
I freeze to death, and if it ſhine, I fry;
Which like a feaver, that my ſoul hath got,
Makes me to burn too cold, or freeze too hot:
Alas, I cannot bear ſo ſweet a ſmart,
Nor canſt thou be leſs glorious, than thou art.
Haſte then, and let thy winged ſteps out-go
The frighted Ro-buck, and this flying Ro,
But go not far beyond the reach of breath;
Too large a diſtance makes another death:
My youth is in her ſpring; Autumnal vows
Will make me riper for ſo ſweet a Spouſe;
When after-times have burniſh'd my deſire,
I'l ſhoot thee flames for flames, and fire for fire.
O leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;
Look, look upon me, though thy flames ov'rcome me.

Autor

Autor ſcalæ Paradiſi. Tom. 9. Aug. cap. 8.

Fear not, O Bride, nor deſpair; think not thy ſelf contemned if thy Bridegroom withdraw his face a while: All things cooperate for the beſt: Both from his abſence, and his preſence thou gainſt light: He cometh to thee, and he goeth from thee: He cometh to make thee conſolate; he goeth, to make thee cautious leſt thy abundant conſolation puff thee up: He cometh, that thy languiſhing ſoul may be comforted; he goeth, leſt his familiarity ſhould be contemned; and being abſent to be more deſired: and being deſired, to be more earneſtly ſought: And being long ſought, to be more acceptably found.

EPIG. 15.

My ſoul ſins Monſter, whom with greater eaſe
Ten thouſand fold, thy God could make than pleaſe
What would'ſt thou have? Nor plea'd with Sun, nor ſhade?
Heav'n knows not what to make of what he made.

Fidesq; *Coronat ad aras*

The FAREWELL.

REV. 2. 10.

Be thou faithful unto Death, and I will give thee the Crown of Life.

1

BE faithful, Lord, what's that ?
Believe ; 'tis eaſie to believe ; but what ?
That he whom thy hard heart hath wounded,
And whom thy ſcorn hath ſpit upon,
Hath paid thy fine, and hath compounded
For theſe fouls deeds thy hands have done ;
Believe, that he whoſe gentle palms
Thy needle pointed ſins have nail'd,
Hath born thy ſlaviſh load (of alms)
And made ſupply where thou haſt fail'd,
Did ever mis'ry find ſo ſtrange relief ?
It is a love too ſtrange for mans belief.

2

Believe that he whoſe ſide
Thy crimes have pierc'd with their rebellions, dy'd,
To ſave thy guilty ſoul from dying
Ten thouſand horrid deaths, from whence
There was no ſcape, there was no flying,
But through his deareſt bloods expence :
Believe, this dying friend requires
No other thanks for all his pain,
But ev'n the truth of weak deſires,
And for his love, but love again :
Did ever mis'ry find ſo true a friend ?
It is a love too vaſt to comprehend.

With

3

With floods of tears baptize
And drench these dry, these unregen'rate eyes;
Lord, whet my dull my blunt belief,
And break this fleshly rock in sunder,
That from this heart, this hell of grief,
May spring a Heav'n of love and wonder:
O if thy mercies will remove
And melt this lead from my belief,
My grief will then refine my love,
My love will then refresh my grief,
Then weep mine eyes as he hath bled; vouchsafe
To drop for every drop an Epitaph.

4

But is the crown of Glory
The wages of a lamentable story?
Or can so great a purchase rise
From a salt humour? Can mine eye
Run fast enough t' obtain this prize?
If so, Lord, who's so mad to die?
Thy tears are trifles; thou must do:
Alas I cannot then endeavour:
I will! But will a tug or two
Suffice the turn? Thou must persever:
I'l strive till death; and shall my feeble strife
Be crown'd? I'l crown it with a crown of life.

5

But is there such a dearth
That thou must buy, what is thy due by birth?
He whom thy hands did form of dust
And give him breath upon condition;
To love his great Creatour, must
He now be thine by composition?
Art thou a gracious God and mild,
Or head-strong man rebellious rather?
O, man's a base rebellious child,
And thou a very gracious Father:
The gift is thine; we strive, thou crown'st our strife;
Thou giv'st us Faith: and Faith, a crown of life.

FINIS.

The mind of the Fromiſpiece.

This Bubble's Man: Hope, Fear, falſe Joy and Trouble,
Are thoſe four Winds which daily toſs this Bubble.

To the Right Honourable

Both in BLOOD and VIRTUE,

And Most Accomplish'd Lady

MARY,

Countess of *DORSET*,

Lady Governess to the Most Illustrious

CHARLES,

PRINCE of *GREAT-BRITAIN*,

AND

JAMES

DUKE of *YORK*.

Excellent Lady,

I *Present these Tapors to burn under the safe protection of your Honourable Name; where, I presume, they stand secure from the Damps of Ignorance, and Blasts of Censure,*

It is a small part of that abundant service which my thankful heart oweth your incomparable goodness. Be pleased to honour it with your noble Acceptance, which shall be nothing but what your own esteem shall make it.

MADAM,

Your Ladiship's

Most Humble Servant,

Fra. Quarles.

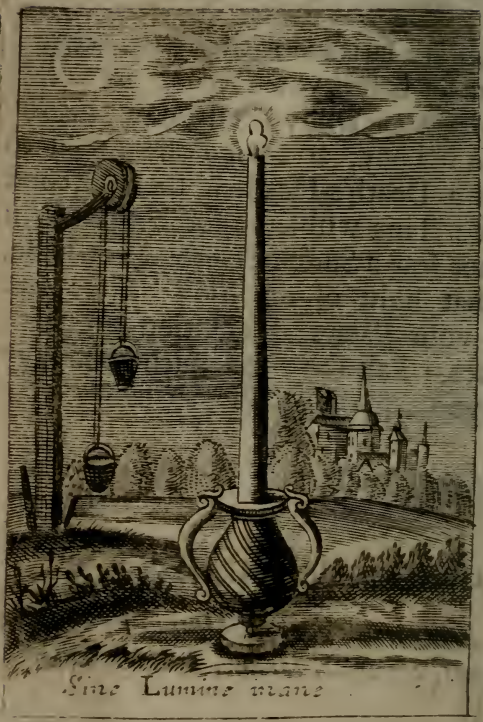
To

To the READER.

IF you are satisfied with my *Emblems*, I here set before you a second Service. It is an *Ægyptian* Dish, drest on the *English* Fashion: They, at their Feasts, used to present a Death's-Head at their Second Course: This will serve for both. You need not fear a Surfeit: Here is but little, and that light of digestion: If it but please your Palate, I question not your Stomack: Fall too; and much good may it do you.

Convivio addit Minerval. *E. B.*

Rem, Regem, Regimen, Regionem, Religionem,
Exornat, celebrat, laudat, honorat, amat.


Sine Lumine vana

PSALM. 1. 5.

Behold I was ſhapen in iniquity, and in ſin did my Mother conceive me.

MAn is man's *A. B. C.* There is none that can
Read God aright, unleſs he firſt ſpeell Man:
Man is the ſtairs, whereby his knowledge climbs,
To his Creatour though it oftentimes
Stumbles for want of light, and ſometimes trips
For want of careful heed; and ſometimes ſlips
Through unadviſed haſte; and then at length
His weary ſteps have reach'd the top, his ſtrength
Oft falls to ſtand; his giddy brains turn round,
And *Phaeton*-like, falls headlong to the ground:
Theſe ſtairs are often dark, and full of danger
To him, whom want of practice makes a ſtranger,
To this blind way: the Lamps of nature lends
But a falſe light, and lights to her own ends.
Theſe be the ways to Heaven, theſe paths require
A light that ſprings from that Diviner fire,
Whoſe human ſoul-enlightning Sun-beams dart
Through the bright crannies of th'immortal part.
And here thou great Original of Light,
Whoſe errour-chaſing beams do unbenight
The very ſoul of darkneſs, and untwiſt
The clouds of ignorance, do thou aſſiſt
My feeble quill; reflect thy ſacred rayes
Upon theſe lines, that they may light the ways
That lead to thee; ſo guide my heart, my hand,
That I may do what others underſtand.
Let my heart practice what my hand ſhall write;
Till then, I am a Vapor wanting light.

This golden Precept, *Know thy self*, come down
From Heavn's high Court: It was an Art unknown
To flesh and blood. The men of Nature took
Great journies in it: Their dim eyes did look
But through the mist, like Pilgrims they did spend
Their idle steps, but know no journies end.
The way to know thy self, is first to cast
Thy frail beginning, Progress, and thy last:
This is the sum of Man; But now return
And view this Tapour standing in this Urn.
Behold her substance sordid and impure,
Useless and vain, and (wanting light) obscure:
'Tis but a span at longest, nor can last
Beyond that span; ordain'd and made to wast:
Ev'n such was Man (before his soul gave light
To this vile substance) a meer child of night;
Ere he had life, estated in his Urn,
And markt for death; by nature, born to burn:
Thus liveless, lightless, worthless first began
That glorious, that presumptuous thing call'd Man.

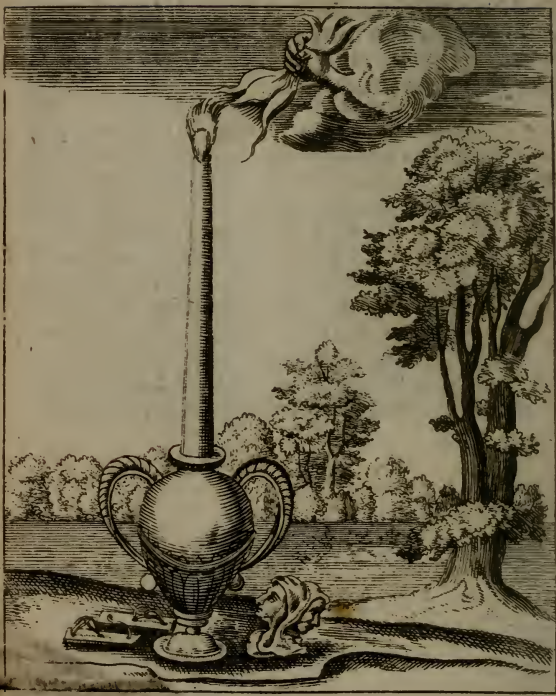
S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST.

Consider, O man, what thou wert before thy birth, and what thou art from thy birth to thy death, and what thou shalt be after death: Thou wert made of an impure substance, clothed and nourished in thy mothers blood.

EPIG. 1.

Forbear, fond Vapour: What thou seek'st, is fire:
Thy own distruction's lodg'd in thy desire.
Thy wants are far more safe then their supply:
He that begins to live, begins to die.



Nescius unde. 326

GEN. 2. 3.

And God said, Let there be Light; and there was Light.

1

THis flame expecting Tapour hath at length
Received fire, and now begins to burn:
It hath no vigour yet, it hath no strength;
Apt to be puft and quencht at every turn:
It was a gracious hand that thus endow'd
This snuff with flame: But mark this hand doth shroud
It self from mortal eyes, and fold it in a cloud.

2

Thus man begins to live. An unknown flame
Quickens his finisht Organs, now possest
With motion; and which motion doth proclaim
An active soul, though in a feeble breast:
But how, and when infus'd ask not my pen;
Here flies a cloud before the eyes of men:
I cannot tell thee how, nor canst thou tell me when.

3

Was it a parcel of Celestial fire
Infus'd by Heav'n into this fleshly mould:
Or was it (think you) made a soul entire?
Then, Was it new created? Or of old?
Or is't a propagated Spark, rak'd out
From Natures embers? While we go about,
By reason to resolve, the more we raise a doubt.

If

4

If it be part of that celeſtial Flame,
It muſt be ev'n as pure, as free from ſpot
As that eternal Fountain whence it came:
If pure and ſpotleſs, then whence came the blot
It ſelf being pure could not it ſelf defile;
Nor hath unactive matter pow'r to ſoil
Her pure and active form, as Jars corrupt their Oyl.

5

Or if it were created, tell me when?
If in the firſt ſix days, where kept till now?
Or if thy ſoul were new created, then
Heav'n did not at all, at firſt, he had to do:
Six days, expired all creation ceaſt
All kinds, ev'n from the greateſt to the leaſt,
Were finiſht and compleat before the day of reſt.

6

But why ſhould Man, the Lord of Creatures, want
That priviledge which Plants and Beaſts obtain?
Beaſts bring forth Beaſts, the Plant a perfect Plant;
And ev'ry like bring forth her like again:
Shall Fowls and Fiſhes, Beaſts and Plants convey
Life to their iſſue, and Man leſs than they?
Shall theſe get living ſouls? And Man dead lumps of clay?

7

Muſt human ſouls be generated then;
My water ebs; behold, a Rock is nigh:
If Natures work produce the ſouls of men,
Mans ſoul is mortal: All that's born muſt die.
What ſhall we then conclude? What ſun-ſhine will
Diſperſe with gloomy cloud? Till then, be ſtill,
My vainly ſtriving thoughts; lie down, my puzled quill.

ISIDOR.

ISIDOR.

Why dost thou wonder, O man, at the height of the Stars, or the depth of the Sea? Enter into thy own soul, and wonder there.

Thy soul by creation is infused, by infusion, created.

EPIG. 2.

What art thou now the better by this flame?
Thou know'st not how, nor when, nor whence it came:
Poor kind of happiness, that can return
No more account but this, to say, *I burn.*

Quo me cunq; rapit.

PSALM 103. 16.

The wind passeth over it, and it is gone,

1

NO sooner is this lighted Taper set
Upon the transitory stage
Of eye-bedarking night,
But it is straight subjected to the threat
Of envious winds, whose wastful rage
Disturbs her peaceful light, (bright
And makes her substance waste, and makes her flames less

2

No sooner are we born, no sooner come
To take possession of this vast,
This soul afflicting earth,
But danger meets us at the very womb,
And sorrow with her full mouth'd blast
Salutes our painful birth,
To put out all our joys, and puff out all our mirth.

3

Nor infant innocence, nor childish tears,
Nor youthful wit, nor manly power,
Nor politick old age,
Nor virgins pleading, nor the widows prayers,
Nor lowly cell, nor lofty tower,
Nor Prince, nor Peer, nor Page
Can scape this common blast, or curb her stormy rage.

To

4

Our life is but a pilgrimage of blafts;
And every blaft brings forth a fear;
And every fear, a death;
The more it lengthens, ah, the more it waftes:
Were, were we to continue here
The days of long liv'd *Seth*,
Our ſorrows would renew, as we renew our breath.

5

Toſt too and fro, our frighted thoughts are driv'n
With every puff, with every tide
Of life-conſuming care;
Our peaceful flame, that would point up to Heav'n
Is ſtill diſturb'd, and turn'd aſide;
And every blaft of air
Commits ſuch waſte in man as man cannot repair.

6

W'are all born debters, and we firmly ſtand
Oblig'd for our firſt parents debt,
Beſides our intereſt;
Alas; we have no h rmleſs counter-band,
And we are every hour beſet,
With threatnings of arreſt,
And till we pay the debt, we can expect no reſt.

7

What may this ſorrow-ſhaken life preſent
To the falſe reliſh of our taſte
That's worth the name of ſweet?
Her minutes pleaſur's choak't with diſcontent,
Her glory foil'd with every blaſt;
How many dangers meet
Poor man betwixt the biggin and the winding ſheet.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST.

In this world, not to be grieved, not to be afflicted, not to be in danger, is impossible.

Ibidem.

Behold, the world is full of trouble, yet beloved: what if it were a pleasing world? How wouldst thou delight in her calms, that canst so well endure her storms.

EPIG. 7.

Art thou consum'd with soul-afflicting crosses?
Disturb'd with grief? annoy'd with worldly losses?
Hold up thy head; the Tapour lifted hie
Will brook the wind, when lower Tapours die.

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Curando Labascit.

MATTHEW 9. 12.

The whole need not the Physitian.

1

ALways pruning, always cropping?
Is her brightneſs ſtill obſcur'd?
Ever dreſſing, ever topping?
Always curing, never cur'd?
Too much ſnuffing makes a waſte;
When the ſpirits ſpend too faſt,
They will ſhrink at ev'ry blaſt.

2

You that always are beſtowing
Coſtly pains in life repairing,
Are but always overthrowing
Natures work by overcaring:
Nature meeting with her ſo,
In a work ſhe hath to do,
Takes a pride to over-throw.

3

Nature knows her own perfection,
And her pride diſdains a tutour.
Cannot ſtoop to Arts correction,
And ſhe ſcorns a co-adjutor.
Saucy Art ſhould not appear
Till ſhe whiſper in her ear:
Hagar flees, if *Sara* bear.

4

Nature worketh for the better,
If not hindred that ſhe cannot;
Art ſtands by as her abetter,
Ending nothing ſhe began not;
If diſtemper chance to ſeiſe
Nature foil'd with the diſeaſe,
Art may help her if ſhe pleaſe.

5

But to make a trade of trying
Druggs and doſes always pruning,
Is to die for fear of dying;
He's untun'd, that's always tuning.
He that often loves to lack
Dear-bought drugs hath found a knack
To foyl the man, and feed the Quack.

6

O the ſad, the frail condition
Of the pride of Natures glory!
How infirm his compoſition,
And at beſt how tranſitory!
When this riot doth impair
Natures weakneſs, then his care
Adds more ruin by repair.

7

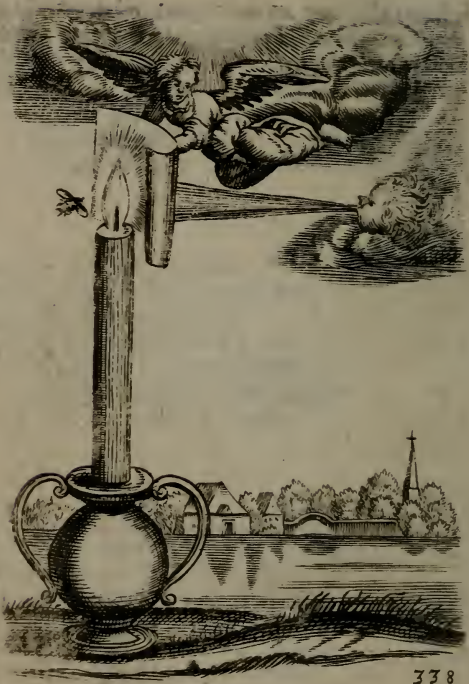
Hold thy hand, healths dear maintainer,
Life perchance may burn the ſtronger:
Having ſubſtance to ſubſtain her,
She untouch'd, may laſt the longer:
When the Artiſt goes about,
To redreſs her flame, I doubt,
Oftentimes he ſnuffs it out.

NICOCLES.

Physitians of all men are most happy; what good success soever they have, the world proclaimeth, and what faults they commit, the earth covereth.

EPIG. 4.

My purse being heavy, if my *light* appear
But dimm, *Quack* comes to make all clear;
Quack leave thy trade; thy dealings are not right,
Thou tak'st our weigty gold to give us *light*.



Te auxiliante resurgo.

PSALM. 11. 91.

And he will give his Angels charge over thee.

1

O How mine eyes could pleaſe themſelves, and ſpend
Perpetual ages in this precious ſight!
How I could woe Eternity, to lend
My waſting day an antidote for night
And how my fleſh could with my fleſh contend,
That views this object with no more delight!
My work is great, my Tapour ſpends too faſt:
'Tis all I have, and ſoon would out or waſt
Did not this bleſſed ſcreen protect it from this blaſt.

2

O, I have loſt the jewel of my ſoul,
And I muſt find it out, or I muſt die?
Alas! My ſin-made darkneſs doth controul
The bright endeavour of my careful eye:
I muſt go ſearch and ranſack every hole;
Nor have I other light to to ſeek it by:
O if this light be ſpent, my work not done,
My labour's worſe then loſt; my jewel's gone,
And I am quite forlorn, and I am quite undone.

3

You bleſſed Angels, you that do enjoy
The full fruition of eternal glory,
Will you be pleas'd to fancy ſuch a toy
As man, and quit your glorious territory,
And ſtoop to earth, vouchſafing to employ
Your care to guard the duſt that lies before ye?
Diſdain you not theſe lumps of dying clay,
That for your pains, do oftentimes repay
Neglect, if not diſdain, and ſend you griev'd away?

4

This tapour of our lives, that once was plac'd
In the fair ſuburbs of Eternity,
Is now alas confin'd to ev'ry blaſt,
And turn'd a *Maypole* for the ſporting *Fly*;
And will you, ſacred *Spirits*, pleaſe to caſt
Your care on us, and lend a gracious eye?
How had this ſlender inch of Tapour been
Blaſted and blaz'd, had not this heavenly *Screen*
Curb'd the proud blaſt, and timely ſtept between!

5

O goodneſs, far tranſcending the report
Of laviſh tongues! too vaſt to comprehend:
Amazed quill, how far doſt thou come ſhort
T' expreſs expreſſions that ſo far tranſcend!
You bleſſed Courtiers of th' eternal Court,
Whoſe full-mouth'd Hallelujahs have no end,
Receive that world of praiſes that belongs
To your great Sov'reign; fill your holy tongues
With our Hoſanna's mix'd with your Seraphick ſongs.

S. BERN.

S. BERN.

If thou desirest the help of Angels, fly the comforts of the world, and resist the temptations of the Devil.

He will give his Angels charge over thee. O what reverence, what love, what confidence deserveth so sweet a saying? For their presence, reverence; for their good will, love; for their tuition, confidence.

EPIG. 5.

My flame, art thou disturb'd, disease'd and driv'n
To death with storms of grief? Point thou to Heav'n;
One Angel there shall ease thee more alone,
Then thrice as many thousands of thy own.

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Tempus erit.

ECCLESIASTES 3. 1.

To every thing there is an appointed time.

1

Time *Death,*

Time. BEhold the frailty of this slender snuff
Alas, it hath not long to last:
Without the help of either thief or puff,
Her weakness knows the way to waste:
Nature hath made her substance apt enough
To spend it self, and spend too fast:
It needs the help of none
That is so prone
To lavish out untouch'd, and languish all alone.

2

Death. *Time*, hold thy peace, and shake thy slow pac'd sand:
Thy idle minutes make no way:
Thy glass exceeds her how'r, or else doth stand,
I cannot hold, I cannot stay.
Surcease thy pleading, and enlarge my hand
I surfet with too long delay:
This brisk, this bold-fac'd light
Doth burn too bright;
Darkness adorns my throne, my day is darkest night.

3

Time. Great Prince of darkness, hold thy needless hand;
Thy captiv's fast and cannot flee:
What arm can rescue? Who can countermand?
What pow'r can set thy pris'ner free?
Or if they could, what close, what foreign land
Can hide that head that flees from thee?
But if her harmless light
Offend thy sight, (at night?
What need'st thou snatch at noon, what will be thine

4

Death. I have out ſtaid my patience; my quick trade
Grows dull and makes too ſlow return:
This long liv'd debt is due, and ſhould been paid
When firſt her flame began to burn:
But I have ſtaid too long, I have delaid
To ſtore my vaſt, my craving Urn.
My patient gives me pow'r
Each day, each hour, (tow'r
To ſtrike the Peaſants thatch, & ſhake the Princely

5

Time. Thou count'ſt to faſt: Thy patient gives no pow'r
Till *Time* ſhall pleaſe to ſay, *Amen.* (hour?
Death. Canſt thou appoint my ſhaft? *Time.* Or thou my
Death. 'Tis I bid, do. *Time.* 'Tis I bid, When
Alas! Thou canſt not make the pooreſt flow'r
To hang the drooping head till then:
Thy ſhafts can neither kill,
Nor ſtrike, until (will.
My power give them wings, and pleaſure arm thy

S. AUG.

S. AUGUST.

Thou knoweſt not what time he will come: Wait always that becauſe thou knoweſt not the time of his coming, thou mayeſt be prepared againſt the time he cometh. And for this perchance, thou knoweſt not the time, becauſe thou mayeſt be prepared againſt all times.

EPIG. 6.

Expect, but fear not death: Death cannot kill,
Till *Time*, (that firſt muſt ſeal her Patent) will:
Would'ſt thou live long? keep *Time* in high eſteem;
Whom gone, if thou canſt not recal, redeem.

Nec sine nec Tecum 346

JOB. 18. 6.

His light shall be dark; and his candle shall be put out.

1

WHat ails our tapour? Is her lustre fled,
Or foyl'd? What dire disaster bred
This change, that thus she vails her golden head?

2

It was but very now she shin'd as fair
As *Venus* star. Her glory might compare
With *Cynthia*, burnisht with her brothers hair.

3

There was no cave-begotten damp that mought
Abuse her beams; no wind that went about
To break her peace; no puff to put her out.

4

Lift up thy wond'ring thoughts, and thou shalt spie
A cause, will clear thy doubts, but cloud thine eye:
Subjects must vail, when as their Sov'reign's by.

5

Canst thou behold bright *Phœbus*, and thy sight
No whit impair'd? The object is too bright;
The weaker yields unto the stronger light.

6

Great God, I am thy tapour, thou my sun;
From thee, the Spring of light, my light begun;
Yet if thy light but shine, my light is done.

7

If thou withdraw thy light, my light will shine,
If thine appear, how poor a light is mine?
My light is darkness if compar'd to thine.

Thy

8

Thy Sun beams are too ſtrong for my weak eye;
If thou but ſhine, how nothing, Lord, am I!
Ah, who can ſee thy viſage, and not die!

9

If intervening earth ſhould make a night,
My wanton flame would then ſhine forth too bright;
My earth would even preſume t' eclipſe thy light.

10

And if thy light be ſhadow'd, and mine fade,
If thine be dark, and my dark light decay'd,
I ſhould be cloathed with a double ſhade.

11

What ſhall I do? O what ſhall I deſire?
What help can my diſtracted thoughts require,
That thus am waſted twixt a double fire?

12

In what a ſtrait, in what a ſtrait am I?
'Twixt two extreams how my rackt fortunes lie?
See I thy face, or ſee it not, I die.

13

O let the ſteam of my Redeemers blood,
That breaths from my ſick ſoul, be made a cloud,
To interpoſe theſe lights, and be my ſhroud.

14

Lord, what am I? Or what's the light I have?
May it but light my aſhes to their grave,
And ſo from thence, to thee; 'tis all I crave.

15

O make my light, that all the world may ſee
Thy glory by't: If not, It ſeems to me
Honour enough, to be put out by thee.

O

O light inaccessible, in respect of which my light is utter darkness; so reflect upon my weakness, that all the world may behold thy strength: O Majestie incomprehensible, in respect of which my glory is mere shame: so shine upon my misery that all the world may behold thy glory.

EPIG. 7.

Wilt thou complain, because thou art bereav'n
Of all thy light? Wilt thou vie lights with Heav'n?
Can thy bright eye not brook the daily light?
Take heed: I fear thou art a child of night.

Nec virtus obscura petit . 35°

MATTHEW 5. 16.

Let your light so shine, that men seeing your good works may glorifie your Father which is in Heaven.

1

WAs it for this, the breath of Heaven was blown
Into the nostrils of this Heavenly creature?
Was it for this, that sacred Three in One
Consp'ir'd to make this quintessence of Nature?
Did Heavenly providence intend
So rare a fabrick for so poor an end?

2

Was Man, the highest master-piece of Nature,
The curious abstract of the whole creation,
Whose soul was copied from his great Creator,
Made to give light, and set for observation,
Ordain'd for this? To spend his light
In a dark-lanthorn cloystred up in night?

3

Tell me, recluse Monastick, can it be
A disadvantage to thy beams to shine?
A thousand tapours may gain light from thee:
Is thy light less or worse for lighting mine?
If wanting light, I stumble, shall
Thy darkness not be guilty of my fall?

4

Why dost thou lurk so close? Is it for fear
Some busie eye should pry into thy flame,
And spie a thief, or else some blemish there?
Or being spi'd, shrink'st thou thy head for shame?
Come, come fond tapour, shine but clear,
Thou needst not shrink for shame, nor shroud for fear.

5

Remember, O remember, thou wert ſet
For men to ſee the great Creatour by;
Thy flame is not thy own: It is a debt
Thou own'ſt thy Maſter. And wilt thou deny
To pay the int'reſt of thy light?
And ſkulk in corners, and play leaſt in ſight?

6

Art thou afraid to truſt thy eaſie flame
To the injurious waſt of Fortunes puff?
Ah, coward, rouze, and quit thy ſelf for ſhame:
Who dies in ſervice, hath liv'd long enough:
Who ſhines, and makes no eye partaker,
Uſurps himſelf, and cloſely robs his Maker.

7

Make not thy ſelf a Pris'ner, that art free:
Why doſt thou turn thy Palace to a jail?
Thou art an Eagle: And befits it thee
To live immured like a cloyſter'd ſnail?
Let toys ſeek corners; things of coſt
Gain worth by view: Hid jewels are but loſt.

8

My God, my light is dark enough at lighteſt,
Encreaſe her flame, and give her ſtrength to ſhine:
'Tis frail at beſt: 'Tis dim enough at brighteſt,
But 'tis her glory to be foyld by thine,
Let others lurk: My light ſhall be
Propos'd to all men; and by them to thee.

S. BERN.

S. BERN.

If thou be one of the fooliſh virgins, the congregation is neceſſary for thee; if thou be one of the wiſe virgins, thou art neceſſary for the congregation.

HUGO.

Monaſticks make Cloyſters to incloſe the outward man: O would to God they would do the like to reſtrain the inward man.

EPIG. 8.

Affraid of eyes? What, ſtill play leaſt in ſight?
'Tis much to be preſum'd all is not right:
Too cloſe endeavours bring forth dark events:
Come forth, *Monaſtick*; here's no Parliament.

Ut Luna Infantia torpet. 354

JOB. 14. 2.

He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down.

1

Behold
How ſhort a ſpan
Was long enough, of old
To meaſure out the life of man!
In thoſe well temper'd days his time was then
Survey'd, caſt up, and found but threeſcore years and ten.

2

Alas
And what is that?
They come, and ſlide, and paſs,
Before my pen can tell thee what.
The poſts of time are ſwift, which having run
Their ſeav'n ſhort ſtages 'ore, their ſhort-live taſk is done.

3

Our days
Begun we lend
To ſleep, to antick plays
And toyes, until the firſt ſtage end:
12. waining moons, twice 5. times told, we give
To unrecover'd loſs: We rather breath than live:

4

We ſpend
A ten years breath
Before we apprehend
What 'tis to live or fear a death:
Our childiſh dreams are fill'd with pianted joys,
Which pleaſe our ſenſe a while, and waking, prove but toys.

5

How vain,
How wretched is
Poor man, that doth remain
A slave to such a State as this!
His days are short, at longest; few, at most;
They are but bad, at best; yet lavisht out, or lost.

6

They be
The secret springs
That make our minutes flee
On wheels more swift then Eagles wings:
Our life's a Clock, and every gasp of Breath
Breaths forth a warning grief, till *Time* shall strike a death.

7

How soon
Our new-born light
Attains to full ag'd noon!
And this, how soon to gray-hair'd night!
We spring, we bud, we blossom, and we blast
Ere we can count our days, our days they flee so fast.

8

They end
When scarce begun;
And e're we apprehend
That we begin to live, our life is done:
Man, count thy days; and if they flie too fast
For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day the last.

Our infancy is consumed in eating and sleeping; in all which time what differ we from beasts, but by a possibility of reason, and a necessity of sin?

O misery of mankind, in whom no sooner the Image of God appeareth in the act of his Reason, but the Devil blurs it in the corruption of his Will!

EPIG. 9.

To the decrepit man.

Thus was the first seventh part of thy few days
Consum'd in sleep, in food, in toyish plays:
Know'st thou what tears thine eyes imparted then?
Review thy loss, and weep them o're agen.

Proles tua Maia, Iuventus

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JOB. 20. 11.

His bones are full of the sins of his youth.

1

THe swift-foot Post of Time hath now begun
His second stage;
The dawning of our age
Is lost and spent without a Sun:
The light of reason did not yet appear
Within th' Horizon of this Hemisphere.

2

The infant Will had yet no other guide
But twilight Sense;
And what is gain'd from thence
But doubtful steps, that tread aside?
Reason now draws her curtains; her clos'd eyes
Begin to open, and she calls to rise.

3

Youths now disclosing bud peeps out, and shews
Her *April* head;
And, from her grass-green bed,
Her virgin Primerose early blows;
Wh'ilst waking *Philomel* prepares to sing
Her warbling sonets to the wanton spring.

4

His stage is pleasant, and the way seems short,
All strow'd with flowers;
The days appear but howers,
Being spent in time-beguiling sport:
Her griefs do neither press, nor doubts perplex;
Here's neither fear to curb, nor care to vex.

5

His downy cheek grows proud, and now disdains
The tutours hand;
He glories to command
The proud-neck steed with prouder reins:
The strong-breath'd horn must now salute his ear
With the glad downfal of the falling Dear.

6

His quick-nos'd armie, with their deep-mouth'd sounds,
Must now prepare
To chase the tim'rous Hare.
About his yet unmorgag'd grounds;
The ill he hates, is counsel and delay;
And fears no mischief but a rainy day.

7

The thought he takes, is how to take no thought
For bale nor bliss;
And late repentance is
The last dear pen'worth that he bought:
He is a dainty morning, and he may,
If lust orecast him not, b' as fair a day.

8

Proud blossom, use thy Time: Times headstrong horse
Will post away.
Trust not the foll'wing day,
For every day brings forth a worse:
Take time at best: Believe 't, thy days will fall
From good to bad, from bad to worst of all.

S. AMBROS.

S. AMBROS.

Humility is a rare thing in a young man, therefore to be admired: When youth is vigorous, when strength is firm, when blood is hot, when cares are strangers, when mirth is free, then pride swelleth, and humility is despised.

EPIG. 10.

To the old man.

Thy years are newly gray, his newly green;
His youth may live to see what thine hath seen;
He is thy Parallel: His present stage
And thine are the two Tropicks of mans age.

Jam ruit in Venerem ⁓ 362

ECCLESIASTES. 11. 9.

Rejoyce, O young man, and let thy heart cheer thee, but know, &c.

1

How flux! How alterable is the date
Of transitory things!
How hurry'd on the clipping wings
Of Time, and driv'n upon the wheels of Fate!
How one condition brings
The leading Prologue to another state!
No transitory things can last?
Change waits on Time, and Time is wing'd with haste;
Time present's but the ruin of Time past.

2

Behold how Change hath inch'd away thy Span;
And how thy light doth burn
Nearer and nearer to thy Urn:
For this dear waste what satisfaction can
Injurious Time return
Thy shortned days, but this, the style of Man?
And what's a man? A cask of care,
Now tunn'd and working; he's a middle stair
'Twixt birth and death; a blast of full-ag'd air.

3

His breast is tinder, apt to entertain
The sparks of *Cupids* fire,
Whose new blown flames must now enquire
A wanton julep out, which may restrain
The rage of his desire,
Whose painful pleasure is but pleasing pain:
His life's a sickness that doth rise
From a hot liver, Whilst his passion lies
Expecting cordials from his mistris eyes,

His

4

His ſtage in ſtrow'd with thorns, and deck'd with flowers:
His year ſometimes *appears*
A minute; and his minutes, *years*:
His doubtful weather's Sun-ſhine mixt with *ſhowers*;
His traffique, *Hopes* and *Fears*;
His life's a medley, made of *Sweets* and *Sowrs*;
His pains reward is *Swiles* and *Pouts*;
His diet is far language mixt with *Flouts*;
He is a *No-thing*, all compos'd with *Doubts*.

5

Do, waſt thy inch, proud *Span* of living earth,
Conſume thy golden days
In ſlaviſh freedom, let thy ways
Take beſt advantage of thy frolick mirth;
Thy ſtock of *Time* decays,
And laviſh plenty ſtill fore-runs a dearth:
The bird that's flown may turn at laſt;
And painful labour may repair a waſt;
But pains nor price can call my minutes paſt,

SEN.

Expect great joy when thou shalt lay down the mind of a child, and deserve the style of a wise man; for at those years childhood is past, but oftentimes childishness remaineth, and what is worse, thou hast the authority of a man, but the voice of a child.

EPIG. 11.

To the declining man.

Why stand'st thou discontented? Is not he
As equal distant from the top as thee?
What then may cause thy discontented frown?
He's mounting up the hill; thou plodding down.

Vt Sol ardore virili.

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DEUTERONOMIE. 33. 25.

As the days, so shall thy strength be.

The Post
Of swift-foot Time
Hath now at length begun
The Kalends of our middle stage:
The number'd steps that we have gone, do show
The number of those steps we are to go:
The buds and blossoms of our age
Are blown, decay'd, and gone
And all our prime
Is lost;
And what we boast too much, we have least cause to boast.

Ah me!
There is no rest;
Our Time is always fleeing.
What rein can curb our head-strong hours;
They post away: They pass we know not how:
Our *Now* is gone, before we can say *Now*:
Time past and future's none of ours:
That hath as yet no being;
And this hath ceast
To be:
What is, is only ours: How short a Time have we!

And now
Apollos ear.
Expects harmonious strains,
New minted from the *Thracian* Lyre;
For now the virtue of the twi-fork'd *Hill*
Inspires the ravish'd fancy, and doth fill
The vines with *Pegasean* fire:
And now those steril brains
That cannot show,
Nor bear
Some fruits, shall never wear *Apollo*'s sacred *Bow*.

Excess
And surfeit uses
To wait upon these days;
Full seed and flowing cups of wine
Conjure the fancy, forcing up a spirit
By the case *Magick* of debauch'd delight;
Ah pitty, twice-born *Bacchus Vine*
should starve *Apollo*'s *Bayes*,
And drown those *Muses*
That bless
And calm the peaceful soul, when storms of cares oppress.

Strong light
Boast not those beams
That can but only raise
And blaze a while, and then away:
There is no *Solstice* in thy day;
The midnight glory lies
Betwixt th' extremes
Of night,
A glory foil'd with shame, and fool'd with false delight.

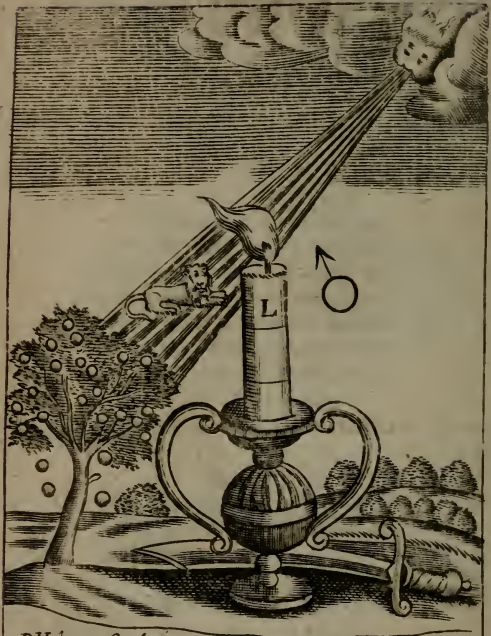
Hast

Hast thou climbed up to the full age of thy few days? Look backwards and thou shalt see the frailty of thy youth; the folly of thy childhood, and the waste of thy Infancy: Look forwards, thou shalt see the cares of the World, the troubles of thy mind, the diseases of thy body.

EPIG. 12.

To the middle-aged.

Thou that art prancing on the lusty *Noon*
Of thy full age, boast not thy self too soon:
Convert that breath to wail thy fickle state;
Take heed thou'lt brag too soon, or boast too late.



Et Martem ſpirat et arma 370

JOHN. 3. 30.

He must encrease, but I must decrease.

TIme voids the table, dinner's done;
And now our days declining Sun
Hath hurried his diurnal load
To th' borders of the Western road;
Fierce *Phlegon*, with his fellow steeds,
Now puffs and pants, and blows and bleeds,
And froths and fumes, remembring still
Their lashes up th' Olympick hill,
Which having conquer'd, now disdain;
The whip, and champ the frothy rein,
And with a full carier they bend
Their paces to their journeys end:
Our blazing Tapour now hath loft
Her better half, Nature hath croft
Her forenoon book, and clear'd that score,
But scarce gives truft for so much more:
And now the generous sap forsakes
Her seir-grown twig: A breath ev'n shakes
The down ripe fruit; fruit soon divorc'd
From her dear branch, untouch'd, unforc'd.
Now Sanguin *Venus* doth begin
To draw her wanton colours in,
And flees neglected in disgrace,
Whil'st *Mars* supplies her luke warm place;
Blood turn to choler: What this age
Loses in strength it finds in rage:
That rich ennamel, which of old,
Damask'd the downy cheek, and told,

A harmleſs guilt, unaſk'd, is new
Worn off from the audacious brow;
Luxurious dalliance, midnight revels,
Looſe riot, and thoſe venial evils
Which inconſiderate youth of late
Could plead, now want an *Advocate*:
And what appear'd in former times
Whiſp'ring as *faults*, now roar as *crimes*;
And now all ye whoſe lips were wont
To drench their Coral in the font
Of fork'd *Parnaſſus*; you that be
The ſons of *Phœbus*, and can flee
On wings of fancy to diſplay
The flagg of high invention, ſtay,
Repoſe your quills; your veins grow ſower,
Tempt not your *Salt* beyond her power:
If your pall'd fancies but decline,
Cenſure will ſtrike at every line
And wound your names, the popular ear
Weighs what you are, not what you were
Thus hackney like, we tire our age,
Spur-gall'd with change from ſtage to ſtage.

Seest thou the daily light of the greater World? When attended to the highest pitch of Meridian glory, it stayeth not, but by the same degrees, it ascended, it descendeth. And is the light of the lesser world more permanent? Continuance is the child of Eternity, not of Time.

EPIG. 13.

To the young man.

Young man, rejoyce; and let thy rising days
Cheer thy glad heart: Think'st thou these uphil ways
Lead to deaths dungeon? No, but know withal,
A rising is but a Prologue to a fall.

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Invidiosa Senectus.

JOHN. 12. 35.

Yet a little while is the light with you.

1

THe day grows old, the low-pitch lamp hath made
No leſs than treble ſhade,
And the deſcending damp doth now prepare
T' uncurl bright *Titans* hair;
Whoſe Weſtern wardrobe now begins t' unfold
Her purples, fring'd with gold,
To cloath his evening glory, when th' alarms
Of reſt ſhall call to reſt in reſtleſs *Thetis* arms.

2

Nature now calls to ſupper, to refreſh
The ſpirits of all fleſh;
The toyling plowman drives his thirſty teams,
To taſte the ſlipp'ry ſtreams:
The droyling ſwine-herd knocks away, and feaſts
His hungry whining gueſts:
The boxbil Ouzle, and the dapled Thruſh
Like hungry rivals meet at their beloved buſh.

3

And now the cold Autumnal dews are ſeen
To cobweb every green;
And by the low-ſhorn Rowins doth appear
The faſt-declining year:
The ſapleſs branches doff their ſummer ſuits
And wain their winter fruits;
And ſtormy blaſts have forc'd the quaking trees
To wrap her trembling limbs in ſuits of moſſy freez.

Our

4

Our wasted Tapour now hath brought her light
To the next door to night;
Her sprightless flames grown with great snuff, doth turn
Sad as her neighb'ring Urn:
Her slender inch, that yet unspent remains,
Lights but to further pains,
And in a silent language bids her guest
Prepare his weary limbs to take Eternal rest.

5

Now careful age hath pitch'd her painful plough
Upon the furrow'd brow;
And snowy blasts of discontented care
Have blanch'd the falling hair:
Suspicious envy mixt with jealous spight
Disturb's his weary night:
He threatens youth with age; and now alas,
He owns not what he is, but vaunts the man he was;

6

Gray hairs, pursue thy days, and let thy past
Read Lectures to thy last:
Those hasty wings that hurri'd them away
Will give these days no day:
The constant wheels of Nature scorn to tire
Until her works expire:
That blast that nipt thy youth, will ruin thee;
That hand that shook the branch will quickly strike the tree.

S. CHRYS.

Gray hairs are honourable, when the behaviour ſuits with gray hairs: But when an antient man hath childiſh manners, he becometh more ridiculous than a child.

SEN.

Thou art in vain attained to old years, that repeateſt thy youthfulneſs.

EPIG. 14.

To the Youth.

Seeſt thou this good old man? he repreſents
Thy *Future*, thou, his *Preterperfect* tenſe:
Thou goeſt to labour, he prepares to reſt:
Thou break'ſt thy faſt, he ſupps; now which is beſt?

378

Plumbeus in terram.

PSALM 90. 10.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten.

1

SO have I seen th' illustrious *Prince* of Light
Rising in glory from his *Crocean* bed,
And trampling down the horrid shades of night,
Advancing more and more his conqu'ring head,
Pause first, decline, at length begin to shroud
His fainting brows within a cole-black cloud.

2

So have I seen a well-built *Castle* stand
Upon the tip-toes of a lofty hill,
Whose active pow'r commands both sea and land,
And curbs the pride of the beleag'rers will:
At length her ag'd foundation fails her trust,
And lays her tott'ring ruins in the dust.

3

So have I seen the blazing *Vapour* shoot
Her golden head into the feeble air,
Whose shadow-gilding ray spread round about,
Makes the foul face of black-brow'd darkness fair;
Till at the length her wasting glory fades,
And leaves the night to her invet'rate shades.

4

Ev'n so this little world of living *Clay*,
The pride of *Nature*, glorified by *Art*,
Whom Earth adores, and all her Hosts obey,
Ally'd to Heav'n by his Diviner part.
Triumphs a while, then droops, and then decays,
And worn by age, death cancels all his days.

That

5

That glorious *Sun*, that whilom ſhone ſo bright,
Is now ev'n raviſh'd from our darkned eyes:
That ſturdy *Caſtle*, mann'd with ſo much might,
Lies now a Mon'ment of her own diſguiſe:
That blazing *Tapour*, that diſdain'd the puff
Of troubled Air, ſcarce owns the name of ſnuff

6

Poor bed-rid *Man*! Where is that glory now,
Thy Youth ſo vaunted? Where that *Majeſty*
Which ſet enthron'd upon thy manly brow?
Where, where that braving arm? That daring eye?
Thoſe buxom tunes? Thoſe *Bacchanalian* tones;
Thoſe ſwelling veins? Thoſe marrow flaming bones?

7

Thy drooping *glory*'s blurr'd, and proſtrate lies
Grov'ling in duſt; and frightful horrour, now,
Sharpens the glaunces of thy gaſhful eyes?
Whilſt fear perplexes thy diſtracted brow:
The panting breaſt vents all her breath by groans,
And death enerves thy marrow-waſted bones.

8

Thus Man that's born of woman can remain
But a ſhort time: His days are all full of ſorrow;
His life's a *penance* and his death's a pain.
Springs like a flow'r to day, and fades to morrow;
His breath's a *bubble*, and his day's a *ſpan*:
'Tis glorious miſery to be born a *Man*.

CYPR.

CYPR.

When eyes are dim, ears deaf, visage pale, teeth decayed, skin whithered, breath tainted, pipes furred, knees trembling, hands fumbling, feet failing, the sudden downfal of thy fleshly house is near at hand.

S. AUGUST.

All vices wax old by age: Covetousness alone groweth young.

EPIG. 15.

To the infant.

What he doth spend in groans, thou spend'st in tears;
Judgment and strength's alike in both your years;
He's helpless; so art thou; what difference then?
He's an old *Infant*; thou, a young *old Man.*

FINIS.

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